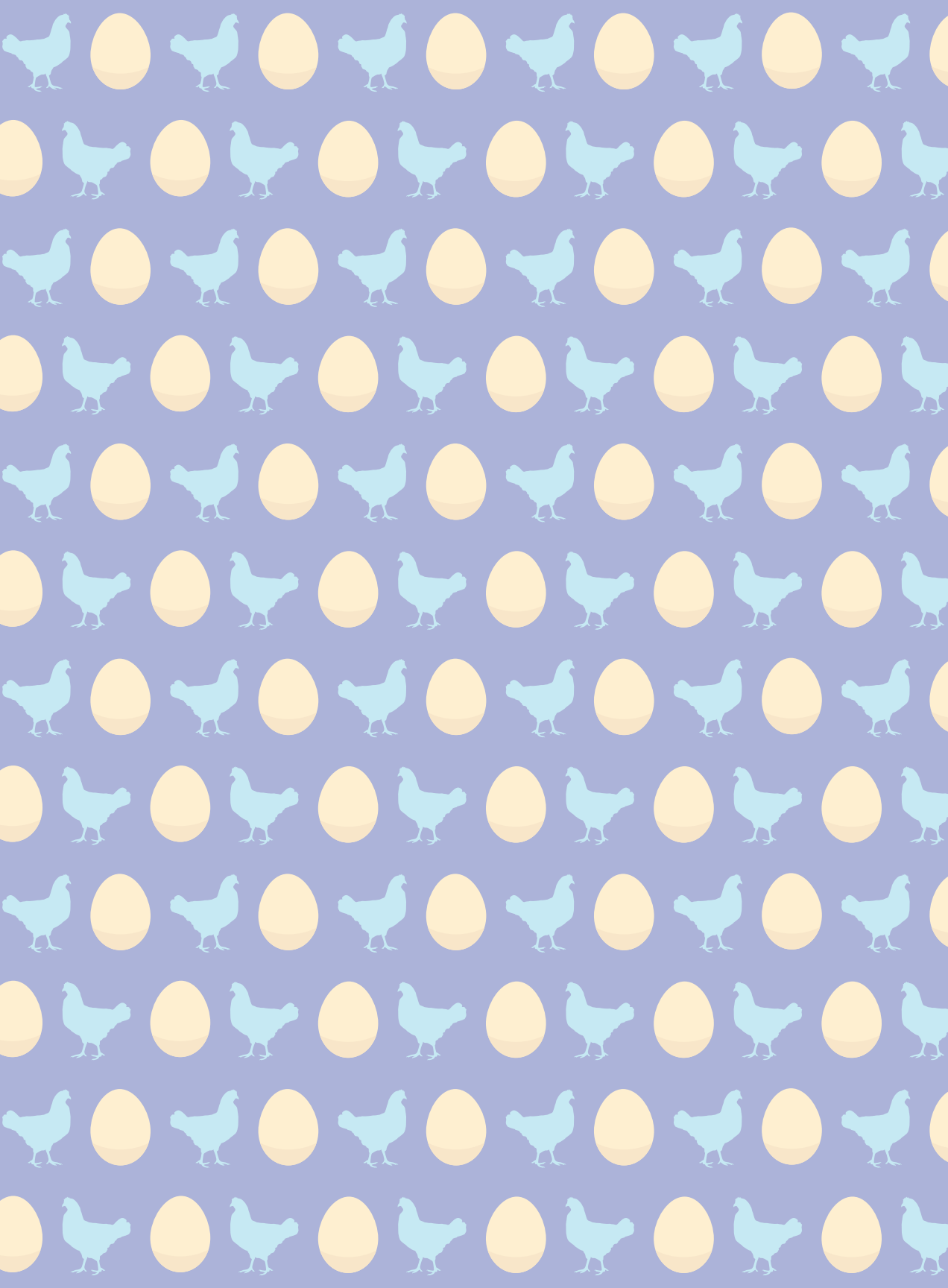
ANIMALS

THE NIB



THE NIB

Illustration by Matt Bors

ENDLING

The last known individual of a species or subspecies. Once the endling dies, the species becomes extinct.

Lonesome George the Pinta Island Tortoise, 2012

Humans introduced many invasive species to the Galápagos Islands, specifically goats in the 1950s, that devestated local vegetation. By the time George was discovered in 1971, it was already too late for the Pinta Island tortoise. For 40 years, efforts were made to preserve George's genotype and find him a mate, including with the closely related Volcán Wolf tortoise, but to no avail.

SO HUMANS ARE DOOMED, RIGHT? IF NOT IN MY LIFETIME, THEN SURELY A FEW HUNDRED YEARS FROM NOW.

Just like the passenger pigeons and Galápagos tortoises before us, the entire human race will dwindle down to an endling–the last, lonely creature of our species, who will probably either be a knife-wielding Immortan Joe or just a regular Greta Thunberg. Someday, future animals will review the geological record, come across a pile of plastic bags and fossilized VHS tapes and say, "Humans, man. They had a good run before they wiped themselves out. Too bad we'll never be able to watch this copy of *Encino Man*."

Humans like to think we're special, that history began when we started writing about it. But the truth is, humanity is temporary. When *The Nib* team was planning the theme for this issue, we wanted illustrated stories that would capture humans' increasingly precarious relationship with our environment, but also the joy, humor, and wonder we find in our interactions with the rest of Earth's animals.

As cat behaviorist Jackson Galaxy points out in this issue's interview (illustrated by Gerardo Alba), why do we ignore reality and expect our pets to behave like furry little people? "We are so constantly disappointed that cats don't see us as the thing the world revolves around," he says. I think it's because, when we get down to it, we really do think the world was made for humans. But, as this issue points out, humans are in the severe minority on Earth. There are 7.7 billion humans on Earth and 400 billion birds. We like to act big by trying to possess and conquer nature–as writer Dorian Alexander lays out in his feature on animal trafficking–but in the end, the reality is undeniable: We're small potatoes in a big, big field.

This issue also delves into the way stories about animals reflect deep problems in our societies. Tom Humberstone explores how Mickey Mouse draws from a tradition of blackface; Brazilian artist Laura Athayde connects the dots between a real-life culture of sexual assault and Amazonian folklore about a dolphin who transforms into a seductive man. Both of these comics show how humans use animals to tell the stories we don't want to tell about ourselves.

Humans use animals to make sense of our own identity. But too often, we imagine ourselves as the heroes of the story.

♡S. MIRK

Sarah Mirk
Contributing Editor

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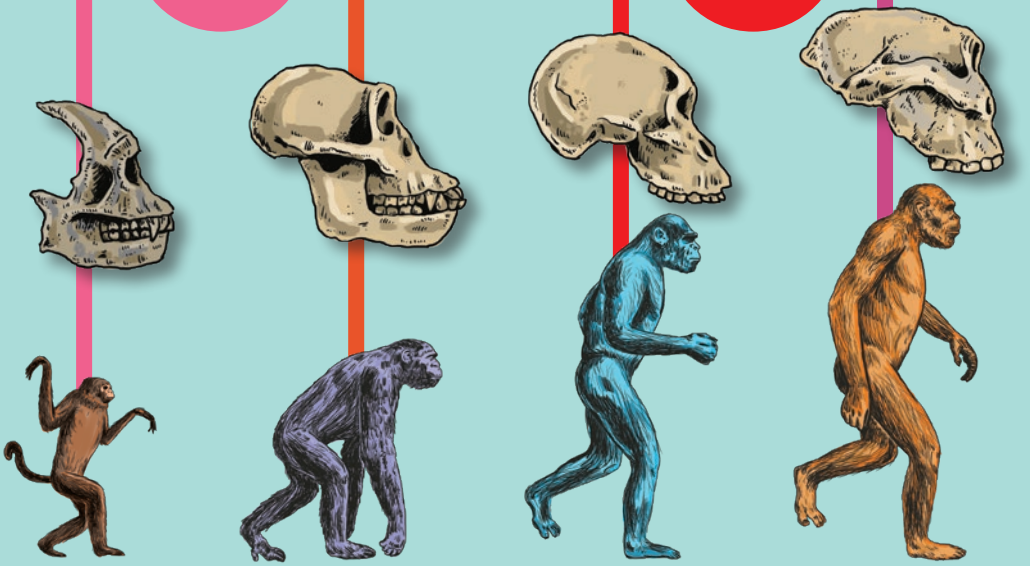
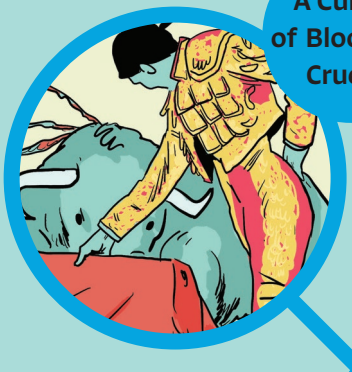


Pliopithecus vindobonensis | Dryopithecus fontani | Australopithecus africanus | Australopithecus robustus



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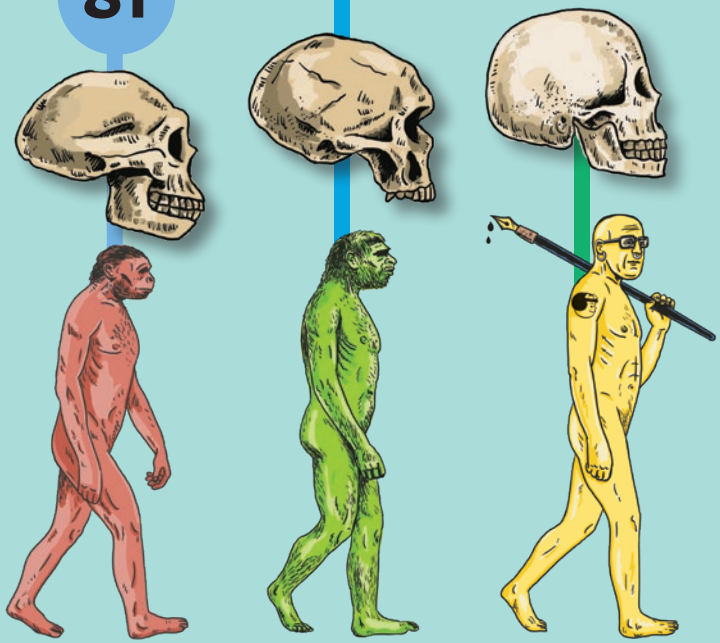

Homo erectus | Neanderthal man | Comicus defectus

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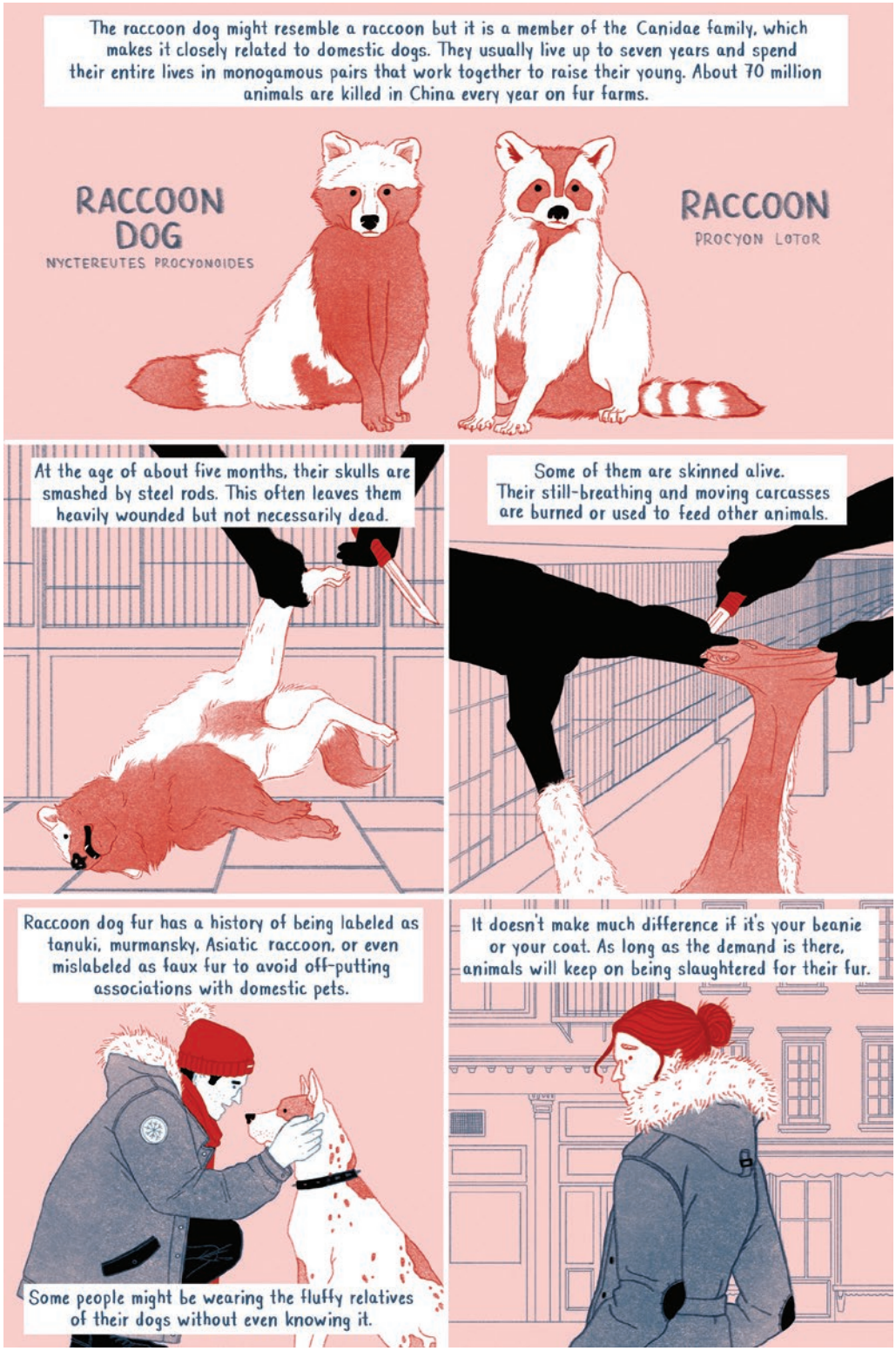
DISPATCHES

JULIA BERNHARD
You better hope it's fake
Fur-lined coats and beanies with fur pom-poms have become the biggest trends of the last few winters, and wearing fur appears to be coming back in style and regaining social acceptance.
The International Fur Federation reported that in the autumn-wear collections for 2017 in New York, London, Milan, and Paris, 190 designers out of 354 used real fur.
Some fake fur out on the market isn't fake at all—and most people aren't aware of the conditions under which the animals whose skin they are wearing have been farmed and killed.
Don't worry! It's faux fur.
Real fur has a leathery backing because it's attached to the animal's skin. Hairs in real fur will taper, have pointed ends, and singe when being burnt while producing a characteristic smell.
Faux fur has a material-woven backing, and the hair tends to be more uniform in length. It melts in a sticky way, smells plasticky, and will eventually form hard plastic balls when you burn it.
China supplies more than half of the finished fur garments on sale in the U.S., most of which is raccoon dog fur coming from unregulated fur farms.

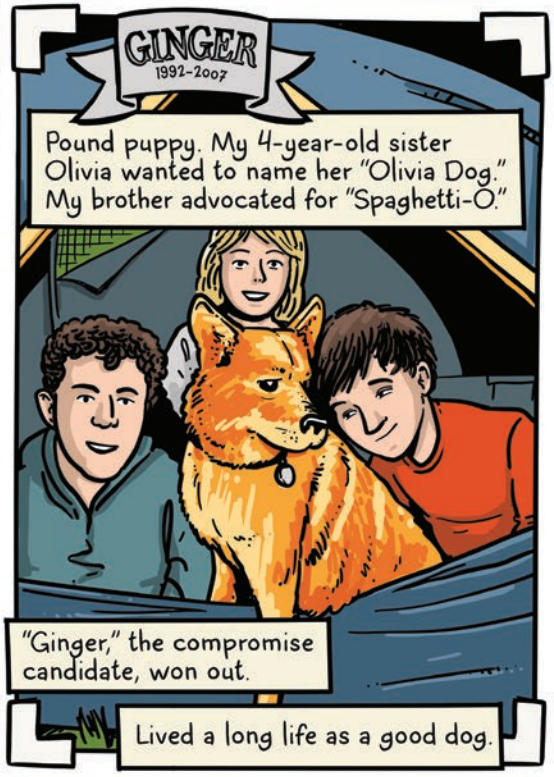

The raccoon dog might resemble a raccoon but it is a member of the Canidae family, which makes it closely related to domestic dogs. They usually live up to seven years and spend their entire lives in monogamous pairs that work together to raise their young. About 70 million animals are killed in China every year on fur farms.
RACCOON DOG
NYCTEREUTES PROCYONOIDES
RACCOON
PROCYON LOTOR
At the age of about five months, their skulls are smashed by steel rods. This often leaves them heavily wounded but not necessarily dead.
Some of them are skinned alive. Their still-breathing and moving carcasses are burned or used to feed other animals.
Raccoon dog fur has a history of being labeled as tanuki, murmansky, Asiatic raccoon, or even mislabeled as faux fur to avoid off-putting associations with domestic pets.
Some people might be wearing the fluffy relatives of their dogs without even knowing it.
It doesn't make much difference if it's your beanie or your coat. As long as the demand is there, animals will keep on being slaughtered for their fur.

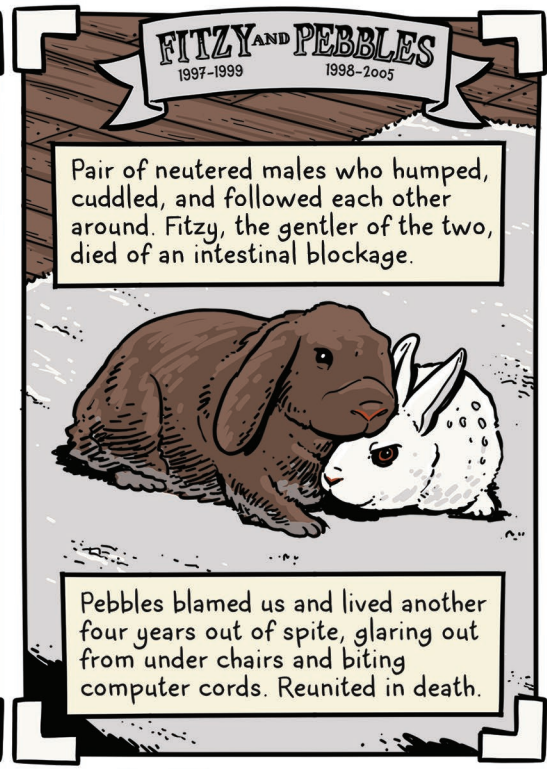
PET CEMETERY

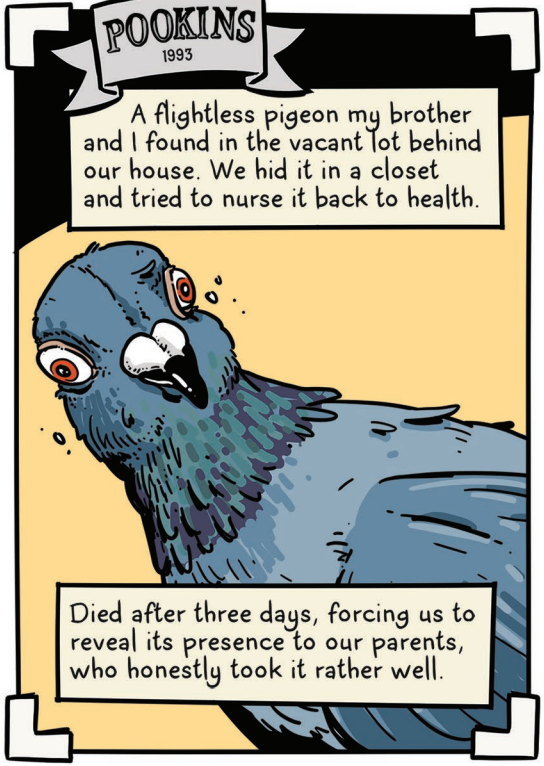
By Andy Warner

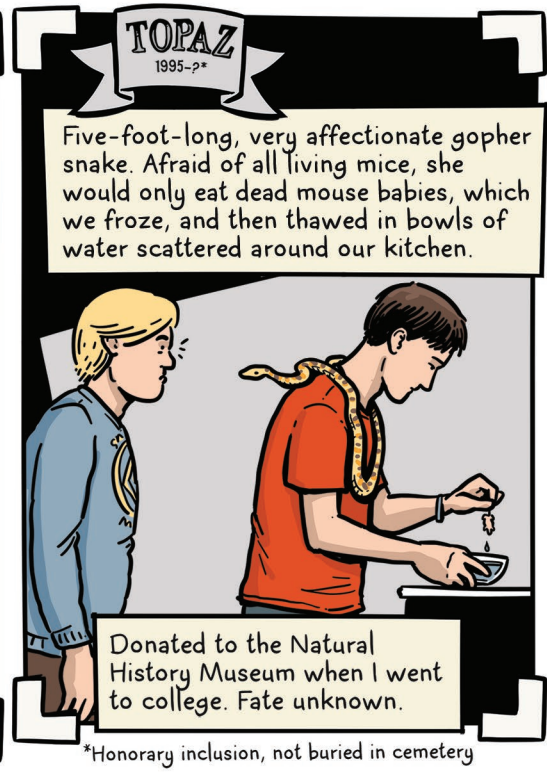
Over the years my family had many pets: three cats, two dogs, two rats, five rabbits, two mice, two hamsters, two snakes, a lizard, a pigeon, and countless fish.

All taught us lessons in mortality, and most ended up interred in our yard's northeast corner.









*Honorary inclusion, not buried in cemetery

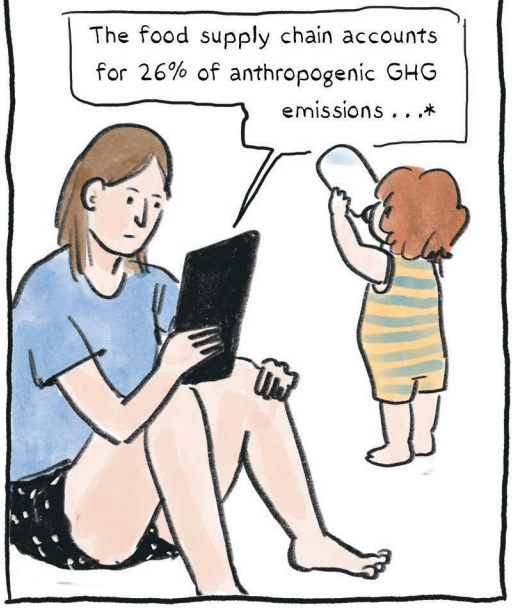
EATING (fewer) ANIMALS

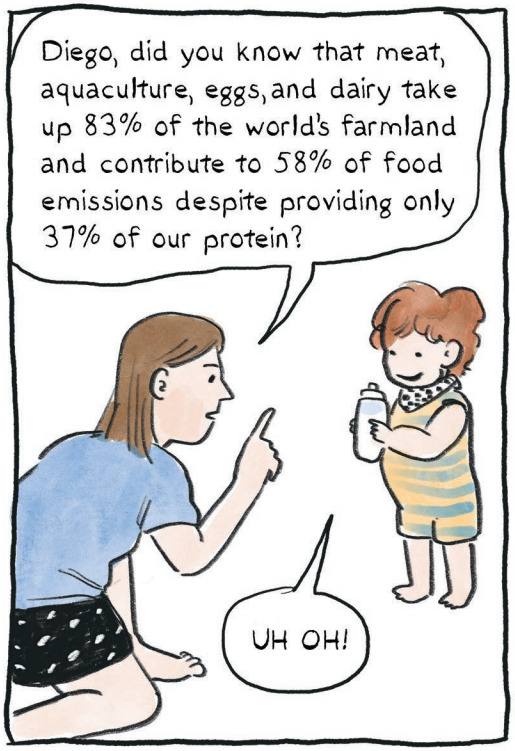
By Sarah Glidden

It's not like I ever made a decision to stop eating animal products, it just started to feel weird, and I began defaulting to mostly vegetarian meals.

Motherhood probably contributed to it. In his book *Sapiens*, Yuval Harari describes how dairy cows are forcibly impregnated and then separated from their babies as soon as they begin lactating. This now seems somehow crueler than death to me.

And then there's the climate anxiety (which is also related to motherhood, of course).





* *Science* (June 2018), J. Poore and T. Nemecek

You can really drive yourself crazy when you start weighing the environmental impacts of things.
Cheese is actually WORSE than chicken and pork, carbon wise.
What about yogurt?
Uhh . . .

And anyway, I believe that regulation on a national and global scale is what will make real change, not the actions of individual consumers.
DAIRY
Cah.

But that doesn't mean that what we do doesn't matter and add up.
DAIRY

I don't really go for hard borders or rules and I don't think I'll ever be a true vegetarian or vegan. But right now, it feels good to be making different choices.
MEAT

MICKEY THE MINSTREL

BY TOM HUMBERSTONE

What do you think of when you look at these ears?

Perhaps a lovable animated mouse with a high-pitched voice?

The reality is that these ears represent a racist origin story.

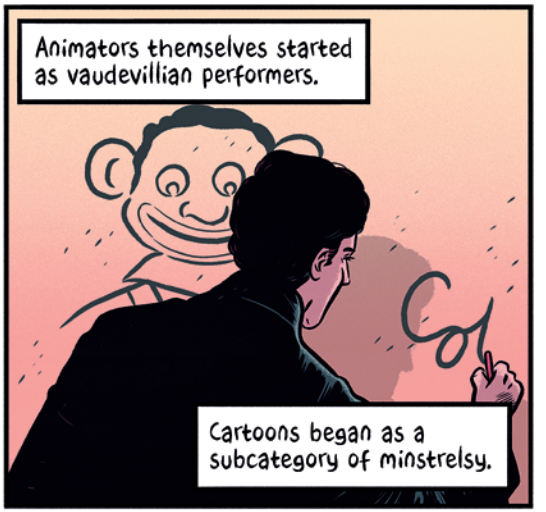
Black face, white mouth: A minstrel staple. Not representative of the features of a mouse.

White gloves: A nod to vaudevillian minstrel costumes.

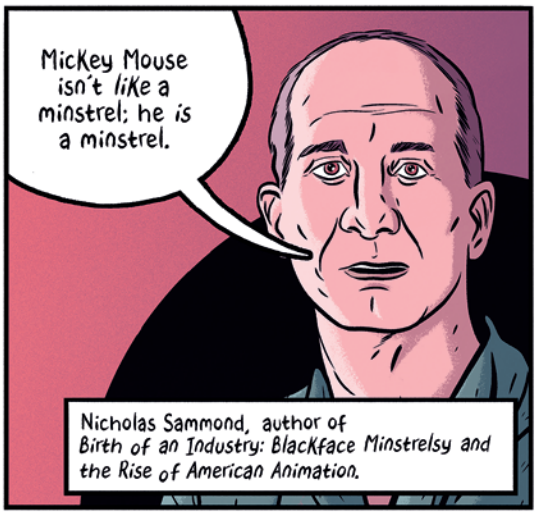
Agility, ability to take punishment: Echoes of minstrel performance.

Minstrel shows (white performers applying blackface and acting out racist stereotypes) were the most popular form of live entertainment in America in the 19th and early 20th centuries.

Animators themselves started as vaudevillian performers.

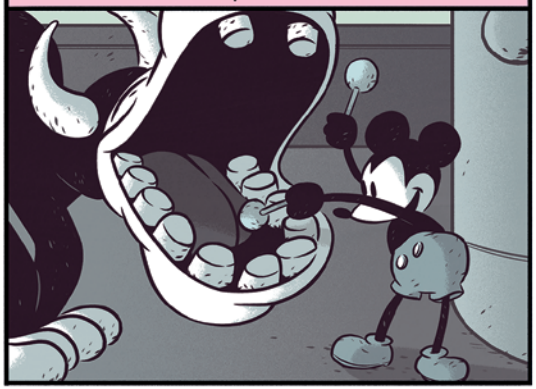


Cartoons began as a subcategory of minstrelsy.

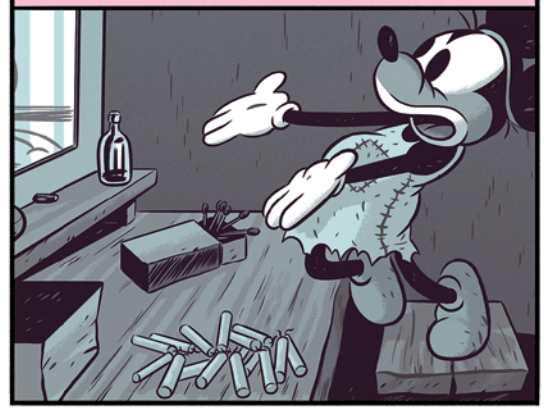


Nicholas Sammond, author of *Birth of an Industry: Blackface Minstrelsy and the Rise of American Animation.*

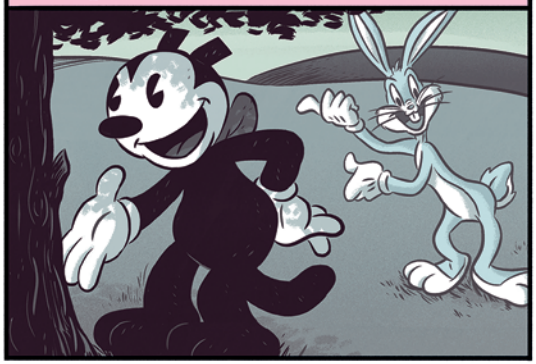
Mickey Mouse's first public appearance in *Steamboat Willie* (1928) culminates in an instrumental performance of the popular minstrel song "Ole Zip Coon."

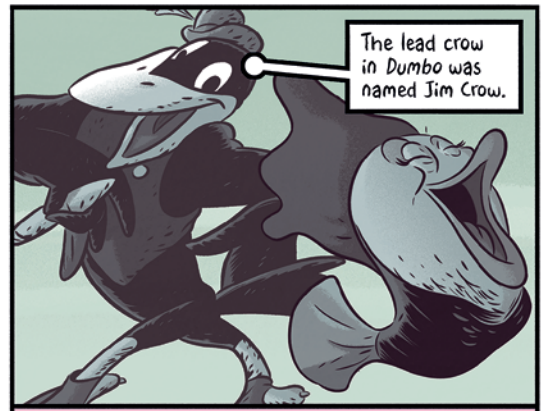


In *Mickey's Mellerdrammer* (1933), Mickey uses a firecracker to black up further for a performance of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*.



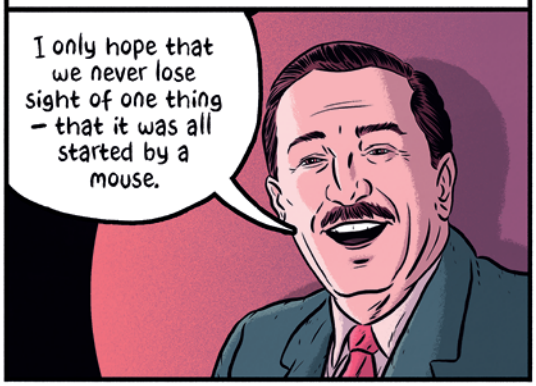
Other studios relied on these racist tropes with characters like Bugs Bunny. When Krazy Kat (whose creator, George Herriman, was mixed race,) was adapted for animation, white gloves were added to the character.



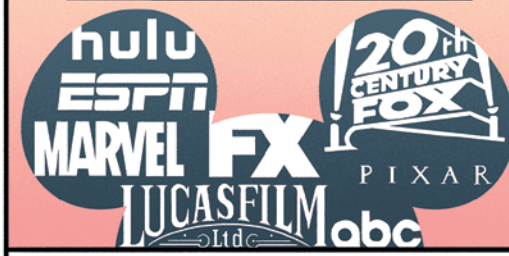


And in Disney the trend continued with *Dumbo*, *The Jungle Book*, *Fantasia*, *Lady and the Tramp*, and *The Little Mermaid* (among others)...

Walt Disney himself reportedly attended meetings of the German American Bund (an American pro-Nazi organization) and once hosted Nazi propagandist and filmmaker Leni Riefenstahl.



With the Disney acquisition of Fox and Hulu, the company now owns around 27% of the film industry.

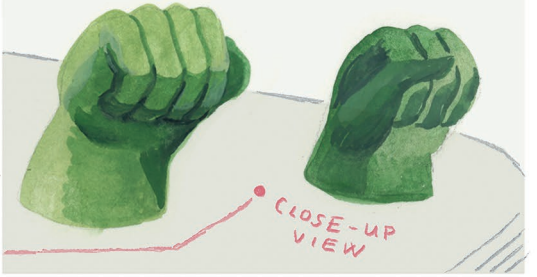


We should be wary about the moral compass of a culturally hegemonic business that has set up camp in our collective imaginations and has a skeleton key to our subconscious.

TOURING AMERICA'S BEASTLY ROADSIDE ATTRACTIONS

By Elizabeth Haidle

In my thirties, I glued green foam fists to my car, christened it the Hulk-Mobile, and set off on many epic road trips. I developed a zeal for animal-themed roadside attractions.



The gator farm in Mosca, Colorado, inspired curiosity and horror. Tropical lizards on display in the arid Southwest desert?

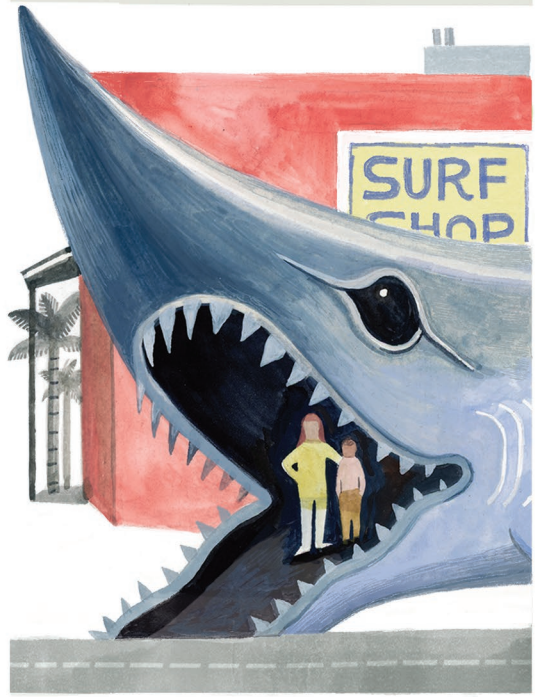
But the gators seemed to enjoy wallowing in the hot springs all winter, fattened on fish waste from the on-site fish farm.

Wasilla, Alaska's taxidermied Togo the Wonder Dog is a memorial to canine heroism.

The Anchorage grave of Annabelle the Painting Elephant, the first resident of Alaska's frigid zoo, who was apparently a genius with a paintbrush.

The Bunny Museum, filled to the brim with 35,872 bunny objects, is a true spectacle.

This surf shop in Corpus Christi, Texas, provides a lovely photo op.



I love the hyperbolic "World's Largest Collection of World's Smallest Versions of World's Largest Things" in Lucas, Kansas.

On a long, hot drive across that same Midwestern state, I didn't want to go even two miles out of my way to see the World's Largest Prairie Dog. Later, I kept wondering about it.

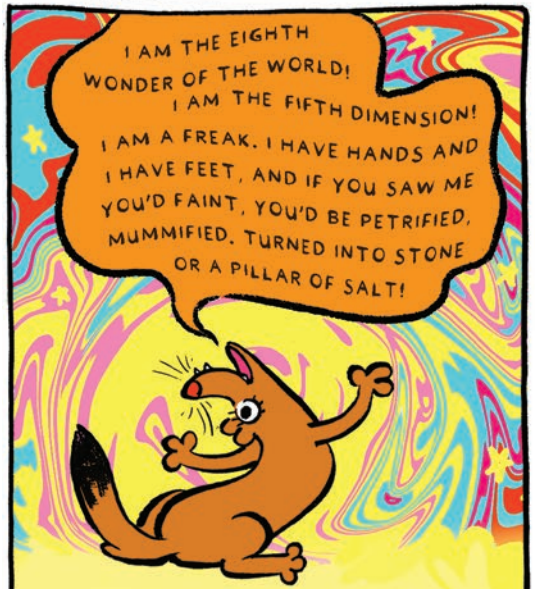
The sculpture closed in 2014. Now I'll never get the chance.

GEF THE TALKING MONGOOSE

WRITTEN BY MEY RUDE
ART BY SAGE COFFEY

IN SEPTEMBER 1931 A POLTERGEIST IN THE FORM OF A TALKING, SINGING, AND RAT-CHASING MONGOOSE NAMED GEF STARTED HAUNTING A FARMHOUSE ON THE ISLE OF MAN.

THE IRVING FAMILY CLAIMED GEF HAD APPEARED IN THEIR HOUSE, TALKING TO THEM IN A CLEAR BUT SQUEAKY VOICE. HE SAID HE WAS "A LITTLE, EXTRA-CLEVER MONGOOSE" AND AN "EARTHBOUND SPIRIT" BORN IN INDIA NEAR DELPHI IN 1852.



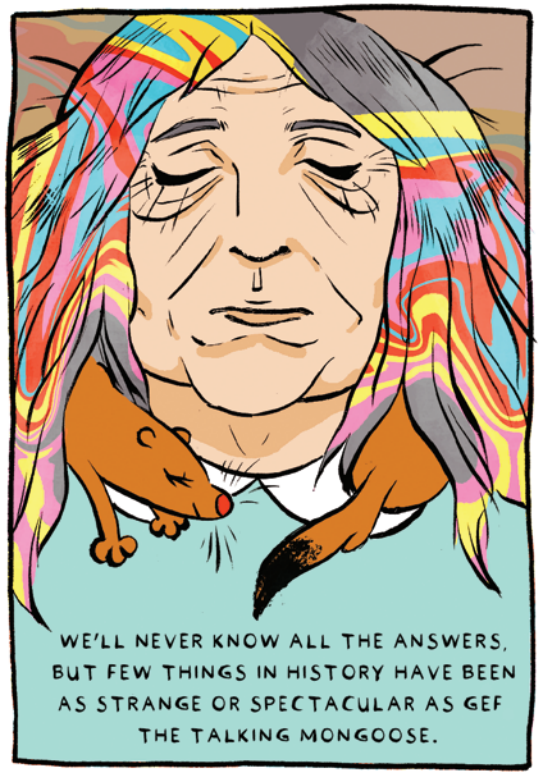
FOR THE NEXT 14 YEARS, THE IRVINGS, AS WELL AS DOZENS OF REPORTERS AND SCORES OF TOURISTS, REPORTED HEARING GEF MAKE HIS WILD ASSERTIONS.

MANY WITNESSES EVEN CLAIMED TO SEE HIM THROW OBJECTS ACROSS THE ROOM AND SING ALONG WITH RECORDS THE IRVINGS WOULD PLAY, ESPECIALLY HIS FAVORITE, "CAROLINA MOON."

NUMEROUS JOURNALISTS TRIED TO PROVE THAT GEF WAS A HOAX PERPETRATED BY THE IRVINGS, SPECIFICALLY 13-YEAR-OLD VOIRREY IRVING, WHO THEY SWORE HAD VENTRILOQUISM SKILLS.

EVEN FAMOUS PARANORMAL INVESTIGATOR HARRY PRICE AND JOURNALIST REX LAMBERT LOOKED INTO IT. WHILE THEY NOTED THE HOUSE HAD HOLLOW WALLS THAT SOUND TRAVELLED THROUGH, THEY DIDN'T FIND ANY PROOF OF A HOAX.

STILL, TO HER DYING DAY, VOIRREY WAS ADAMANT WITH BOTH REPORTERS AND THOSE CLOSE TO HER THAT GEF WAS A REAL TALKING MONGOOSE, NOT A HOAX OR IMAGINARY FRIEND.
IT WAS NOT A HOAX AND I WISH IT HAD NEVER HAPPENED... YES, THERE WAS A LITTLE ANIMAL WHO TALKED AND DID ALL THOSE OTHER THINGS... BUT I DO WISH HE HAD LET US ALONE.

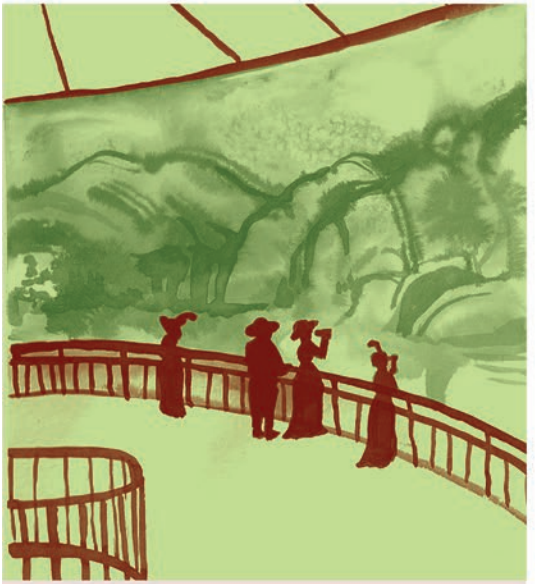

WE'LL NEVER KNOW ALL THE ANSWERS, BUT FEW THINGS IN HISTORY HAVE BEEN AS STRANGE OR SPECTACULAR AS GEF THE TALKING MONGOOSE.

EXHIBITING EXTINCTION

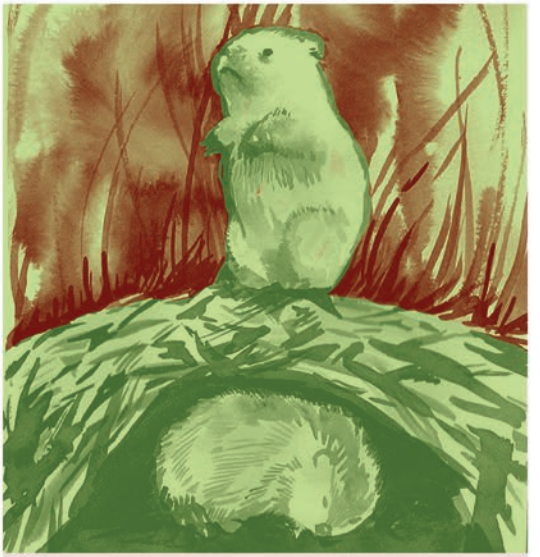
By Lilian Min and Diane Zhou

Museum dioramas today are tame displays, presenting bloodless drama in a fiction of untouched nature.

Some of the earliest recorded displays of natural specimens were in 4th-century European churches, where curios like whale bones and ostrich eggs were used to showcase God's creation.



In the 19th century, the artists Robert Barker and Johann Adam Breysig created the first panorama paintings to simulate the experience of viewing landscapes in person.



In 1889, taxidermist Carl Akeley created the first documented habitat diorama, of muskrats in a river. He later worked at the American Museum of Natural History in New York City, shaping a generation's vision of and desire to return to nature.

The AMNH became, and remains, the most prominent example of the diorama aesthetic, including its tendency to reinforce the relationship between conservation and Western imperialism.

Oftentimes, indigenous peoples were lumped into these displays along with animals.

1950s TV nature documentaries provided more engaging facsimiles of nature. Fewer institutions created new dioramas or preserved existing ones.

What displays remain today have changed. They once offered an idealized glimpse of nature "apart" from human intervention, but are now memorials to the victims of environmental devastation.

The future of "natural world" displays, as with most things, lies in the digital realm. With virtual reality and documentaries a click away, perhaps these last remaining dioramas themselves will finally become extinct.

ENDLING

The last known individual of a species or subspecies. Once the endling dies, the species becomes extinct.

Benjamin the Thylacine, 1936

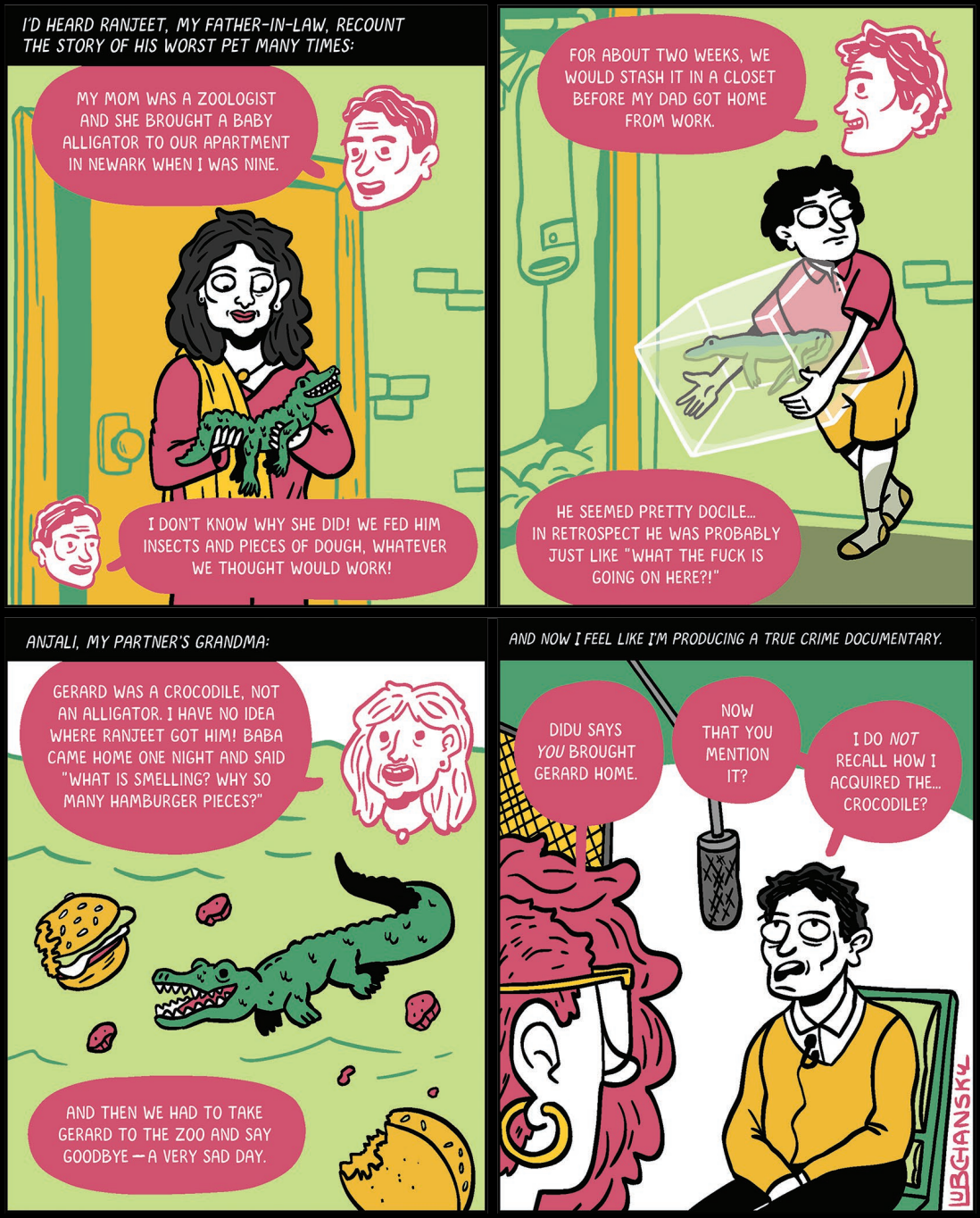
Closely related to Tasmanian devils, thylacines were carnivorous marsupials, hunted as a pest by white farmers during the 19th century on the island of Tasmania. Benjamin died due to neglect in the Beaumaris Zoo in Tasmania. National Threatened Species Day, held every September 7 in Australia, commemorates Benjamin's death.

THE RESPONSE

Each issue we ask four cartoonists a question. Some pets are gone too soon and others stay too long. For this issue we wanted to hear stories about the worst household animals.

WE'LL MAKE (NOT SO) GREAT PETS

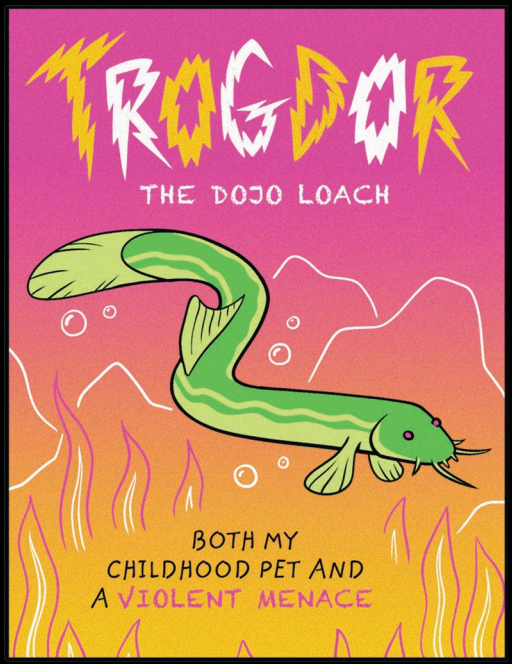
Matt Lubchansky

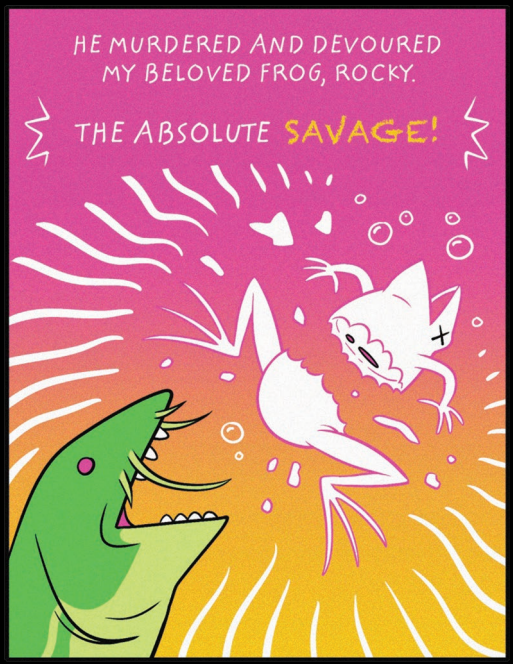


Meg O'Shea

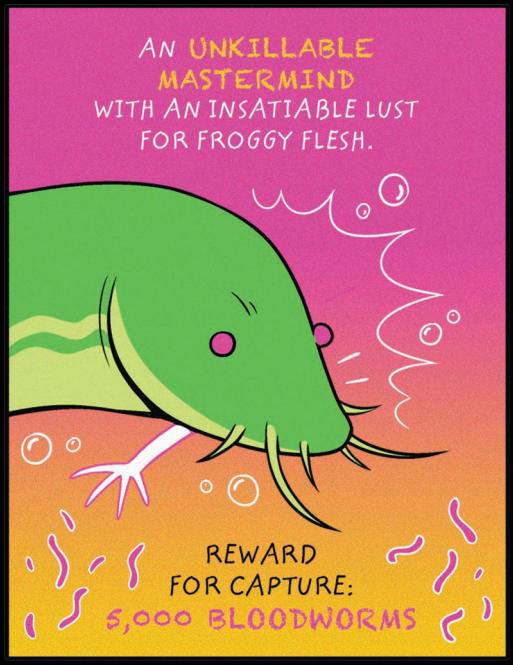
I GOT MY FIRST PETS WHEN I WAS FOUR– TWO KOI KEPT IN THE POND OF THE HOUSE MY FAMILY HAD JUST MOVED INTO.
I COULDN'T PET OR PLAY FETCH WITH THEM, BUT I LOVED THEM ALL THE SAME.
WHILE WE WERE STILL UNPACKING, HOT AND WINDY CONDITIONS CAUSED PREVIOUSLY CONTAINED BUSHFIRES TO ENGULF THE COAST OF OUR STATE.
THE FIRE SERVICE CLOSED OFF OUR STREET AND DRAINED THE POND TO PUT OUT PARTS OF OUR YARD THAT WERE ALIGHT.
I DID NOT APPRECIATE MY KOIS' SACRIFICE.

Mady G


TROGDOR
THE DOJO LOACH
BOTH MY CHILDHOOD PET AND A VIOLENT MENACE


HE MURDERED AND DEVOURED MY BELOVED FROG, ROCKY.
THE ABSOLUTE SAVAGE!

A MASTER ESCAPIST, HE FLED THE TANK AND SURVIVED MY MOM STEPPING ON HIM.
INDESTRUCTIBLE!


AN UNKILLABLE MASTERMIND WITH AN INSATIABLE LUST FOR FROGGY FLESH.
REWARD FOR CAPTURE: 5,000 BLOODWORMS

As a nine-year-old megalomaniac, I loved my pet mice very much but harbored suspicions they didn't REALLY love me back.
So I started leaving the cage door open at night to test their loyalty.
Luke
Han
Leia
Obi-Wan
Threepio
Artoo
Chewie
Xena
Gabrielle
It was baffling and hurtful to be abandoned again and again, but I kept buying mice and dreaming that someday, one would be noble enough to choose my friendship over the lure of not living in a woodchip-lined terrarium.
CHK CHK
CHK
And then... a mysterious visitor.
CHK CHK CHK
A ragged, wild mouse of unknown provenance. A mouse who had been THROUGH some shit.
SWAH
...And it had chosen ME.
I had finally found a true friend.

The Nib Bureau of Statistics

Wild facts about wildlife.

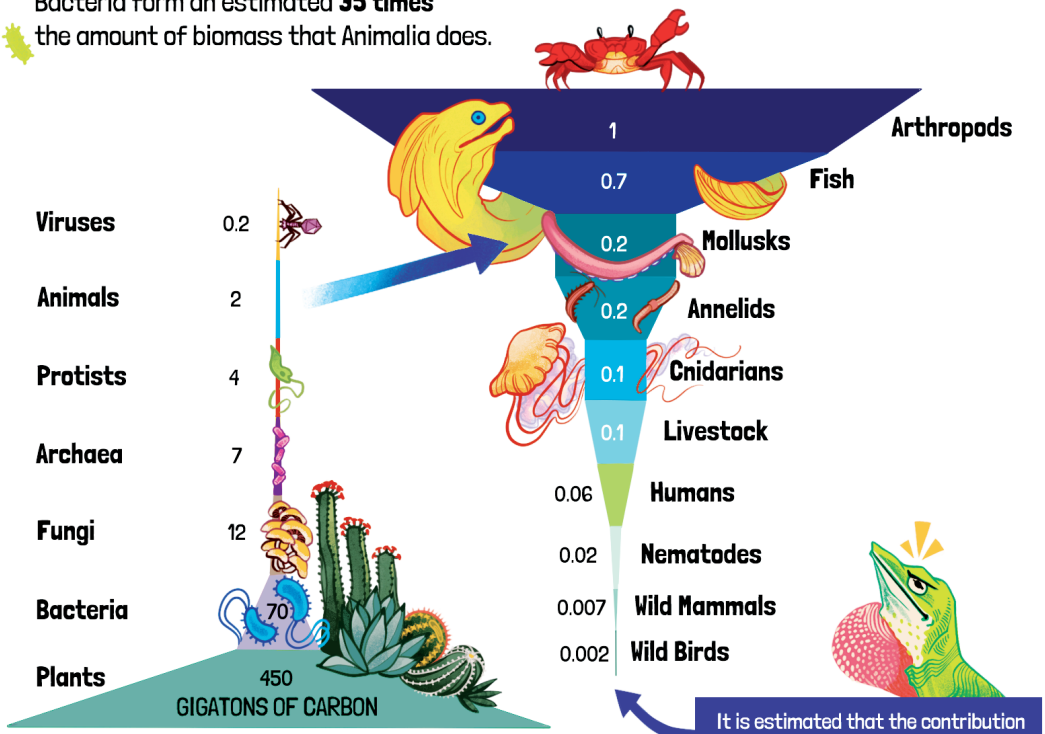
By Kristel Bugayong

BIOMASS

Animals are only a fraction of the biomass on Earth.

Within the kingdom Animalia, arthropods like insects, spiders, and crustaceans far outweigh all mammals and birds combined.

Bacteria form an estimated **35 times** the amount of biomass that Animalia does.



It is estimated that the contribution of reptiles and amphibians to the total animal biomass is negligible.

Source: National Academy of Sciences

PETS

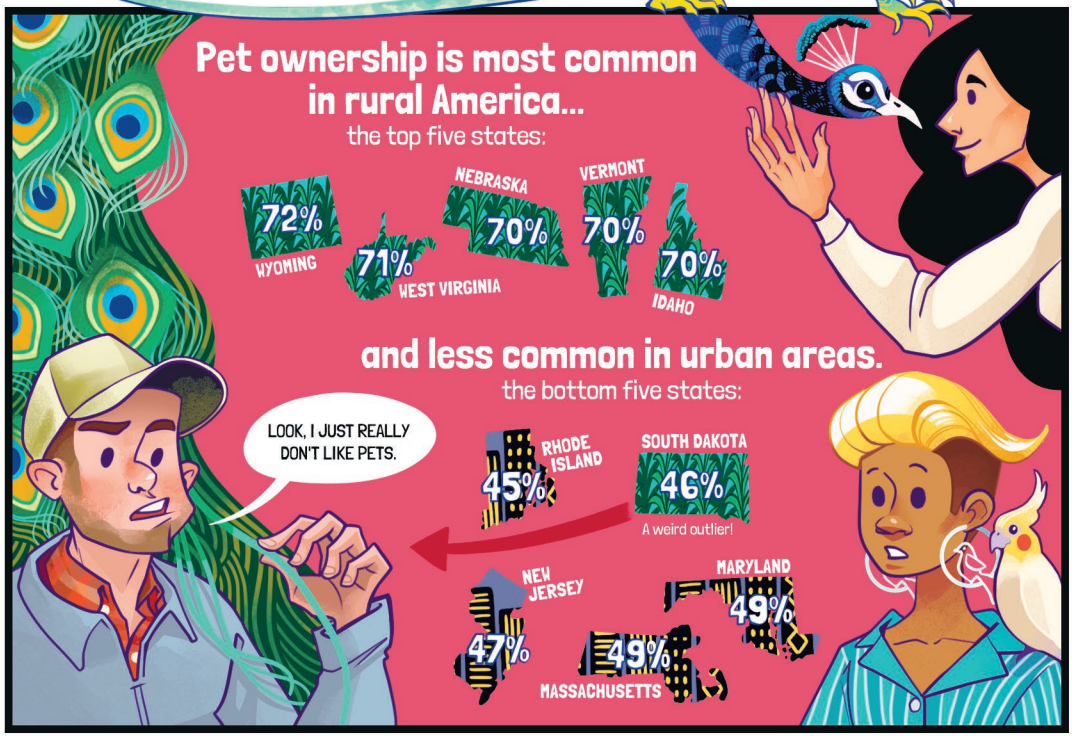
≈57% of American households own at least one pet, with

38% owning dogs

25% owning cats

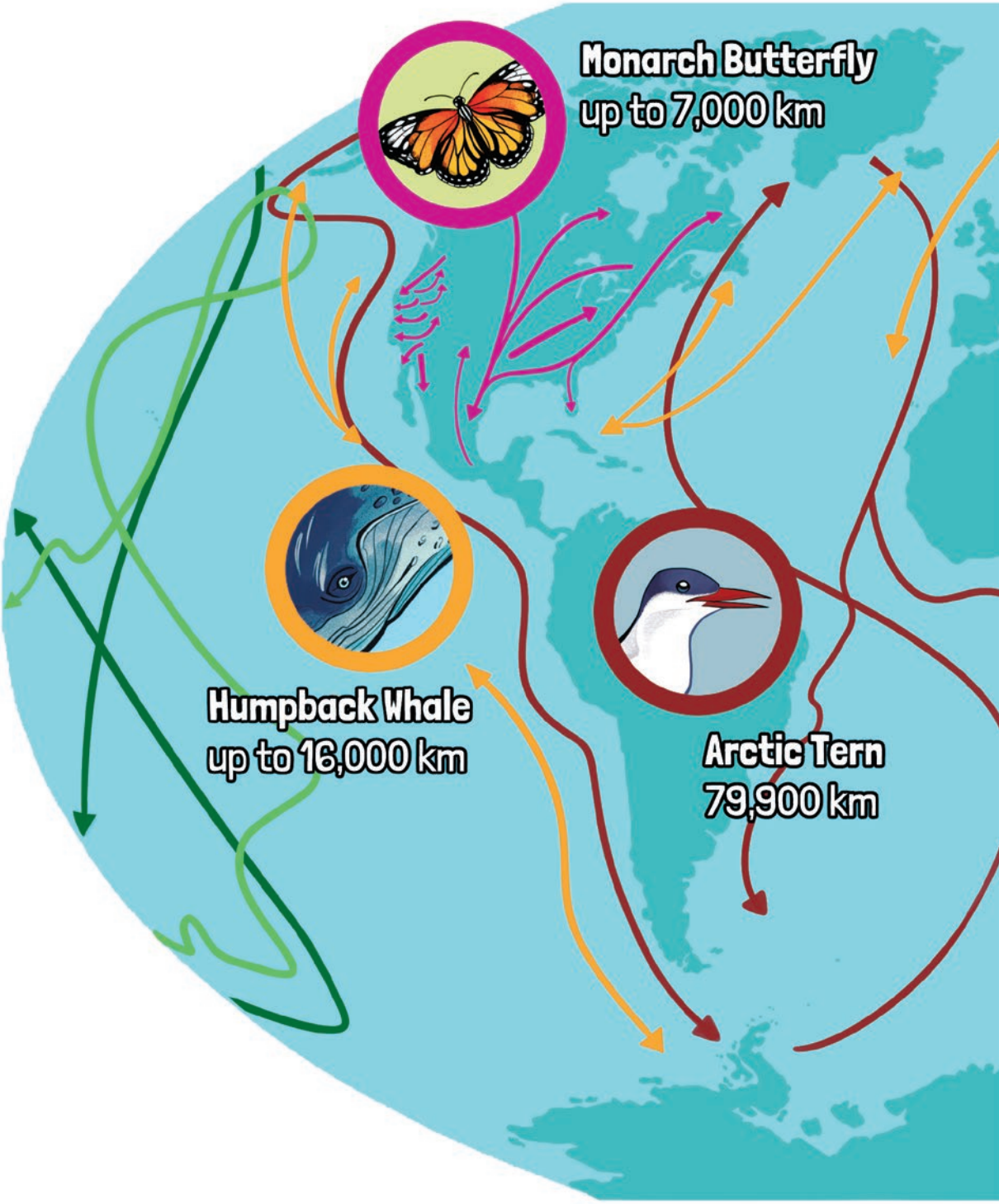
But specialty and exotic pets
(such as fish, ferrets, rabbits, hamsters, guinea pigs, gerbils, turtles, snakes, lizards, birds, livestock, and amphibians)
are on the rise, too.

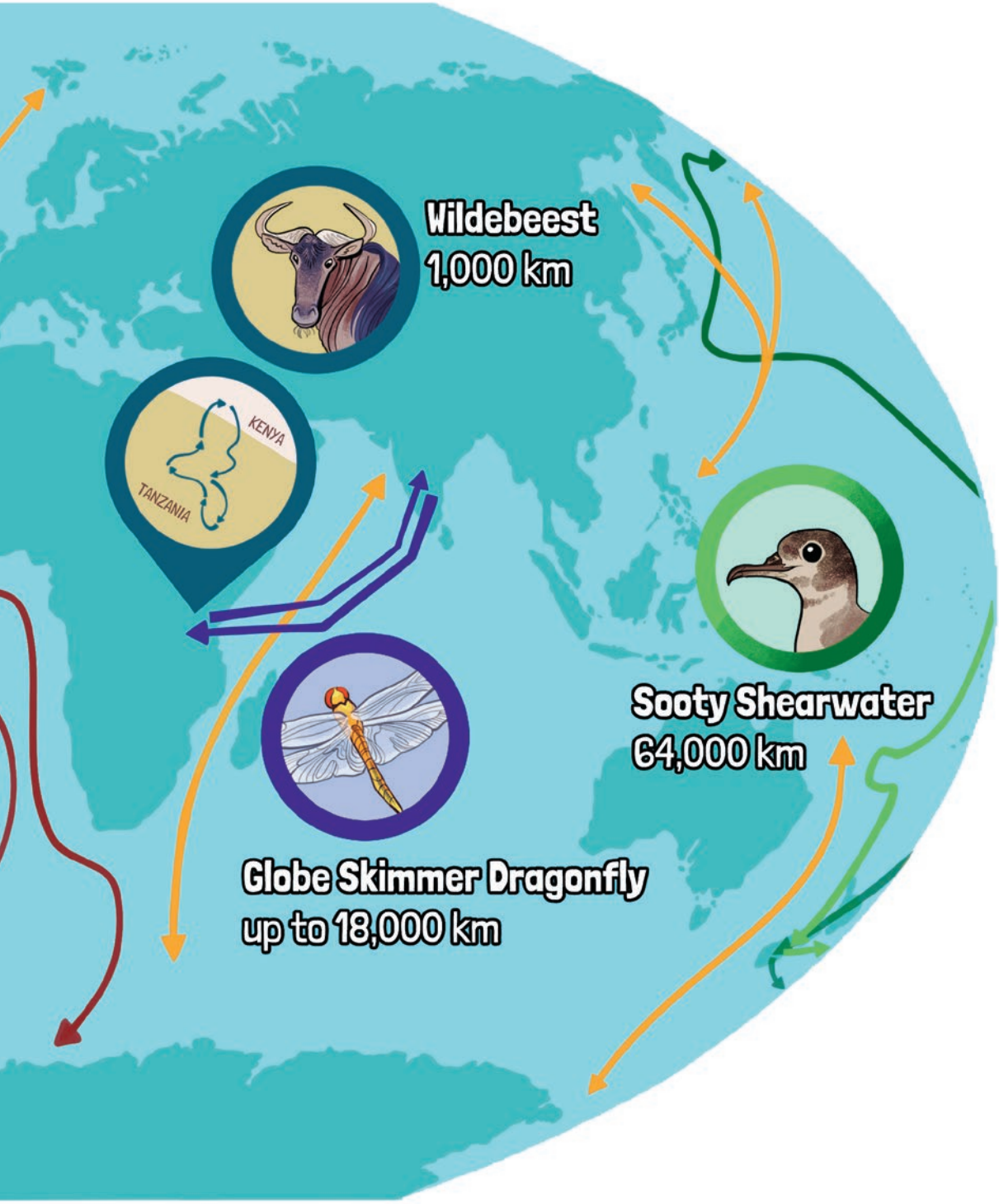
More than 13% of households own one—
a 25% increase from 2011.



Source: American Veterinary Medical Association

MIGRATIONS: DISTANCE TRAVELED




Wildebeest
1,000 km
KENYA
TANZANIA
Sooty Shearwater
64,000 km
Globe Skimmer Dragonfly
up to 18,000 km

ZOOS

More than 700 million people
annually visit the almost
400 WAZA*-accredited zoos and aquariums across the world.
(And that doesn't even include unaccredited institutions and smaller private zoos.)

The biggest in the world is the **San Diego Zoo**,
which holds more than
4,000 animals and 800 different species.

*World Association of Zoos and Aquariums

But more than providing entertainment,
the most important thing zoos may end up doing
is giving a final refuge to a small fraction of the
species that we're busy exterminating.

The International Union for Conservation of Nature lists

38 ANIMAL SPECIES + 5 SUBSPECIES

AS **EXTINCT IN THE WILD**
but alive in captivity.

Their survival is now dependent on the
very humans who killed them off
in their native habitats.

THANK YOU
THANK YOU
THANK YOU
THANK YOU
THANK YOU
THANK YOU

Sources: World Association of Zoos and Aquariums,
International Union for Conservation of Nature

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CARTOON COLLECTIONS

Illustration by Trevor Hoey

The Nib Interview

The Nib *contributing editor Sarah Mirk and illustrator Gerardo Alba speak to Jackson Galaxy, the philosophical cat behaviorist who hosts Animal Planet's* My Cat From Hell. *Jason lives with eight cats, three dogs, and a turtle—and a feral cat named Eddie who refuses to become a pet.*

CATS AREN'T PEEING BECAUSE THEY HATE YOU, YOUR BOYFRIEND, OR YOUR KIDS.
BUB
MROW?
PHISSSSSSSSS
EDDIE REPRESENTS THAT CLASH BETWEEN CAT AND HUMAN. I CAN PET HIM, I CAN HOLD HIM, BUT I HAVE TO DO IT IN THE DRIVEWAY.
WHEN I BRING HIM INTO THE HOUSE, HE CLIMBS THE WALLS LIKE HE'S IN A HORROR MOVIE. HE WILL DO ANYTHING TO ESCAPE THE HOUSE. IT'S A LESSON IN HUMILITY. I WANT HIM TO BE MY CAT BUT HE WON'T BE — HE DOESN'T WANT TO BE.
MRRAAAWWWW!
WE ARE SO CONSTANTLY DISAPPOINTED THAT CATS DON'T SEE US AS THE THING THE WORLD REVOLVES AROUND.

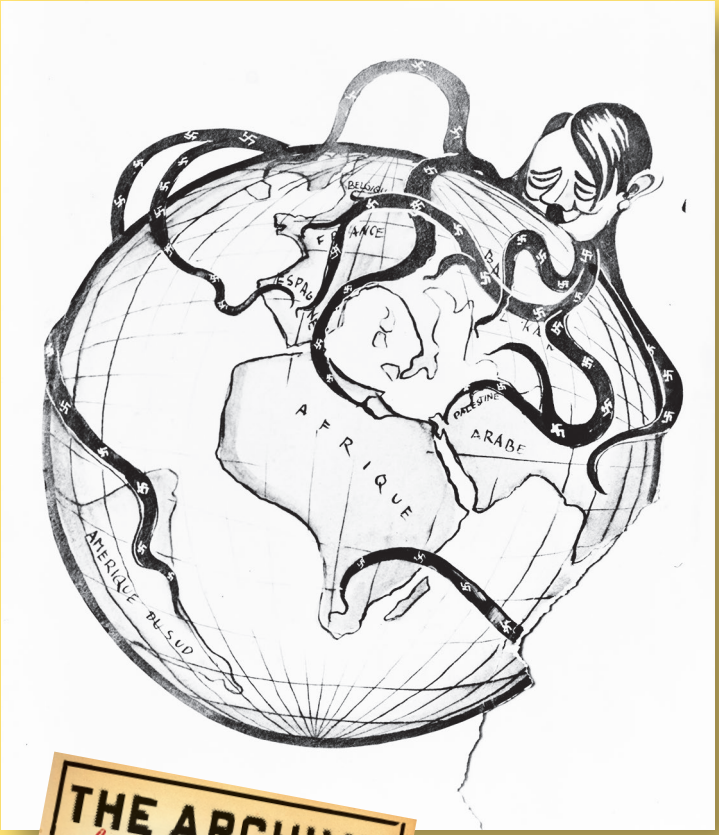
Octopi

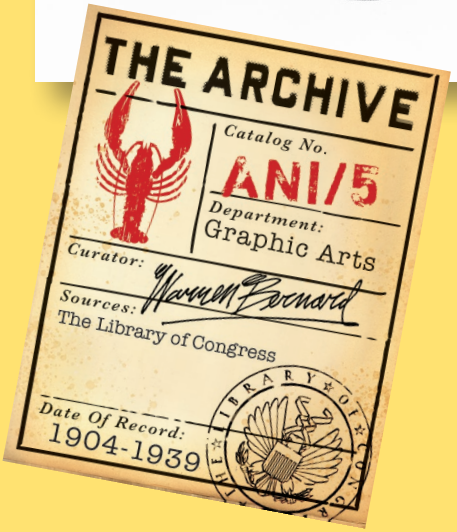
A highly intelligent predator that can slip into places one would not think possible and emit poisons while hiding behind an inky smoke screen, all in the quest for survival and domination. What better animal is there than that sneaky, suction-cupped cephalopod, the octopus, to represent the projection of insidious power?

If a political, religious, or economic entity is deemed by one side or another to be exercising Machiavellian control, there is no better way for a political cartoonist to point this out than with an octopus. For the better part of 150 years, cartoonists of all perspectives have used this eight-limbed, boneless metaphor to heighten people's awareness of various evils. Originally used to show the menacing political and military threats of 19th-century imperialist European powers, the creature's ignominious bulbous head and tentacles have, at times, stood for capitalism, communism, Churchill, Hitler, and evil corporate entities such as Standard Oil, among others. The trope lives on in today's political cartoons; no surprise given the numerous octopi that infiltrate our current, 21st-century lives.

Warren Bernard
author/lecturer on the history of editorial-political cartoons and the executive director of the Small Press Expo

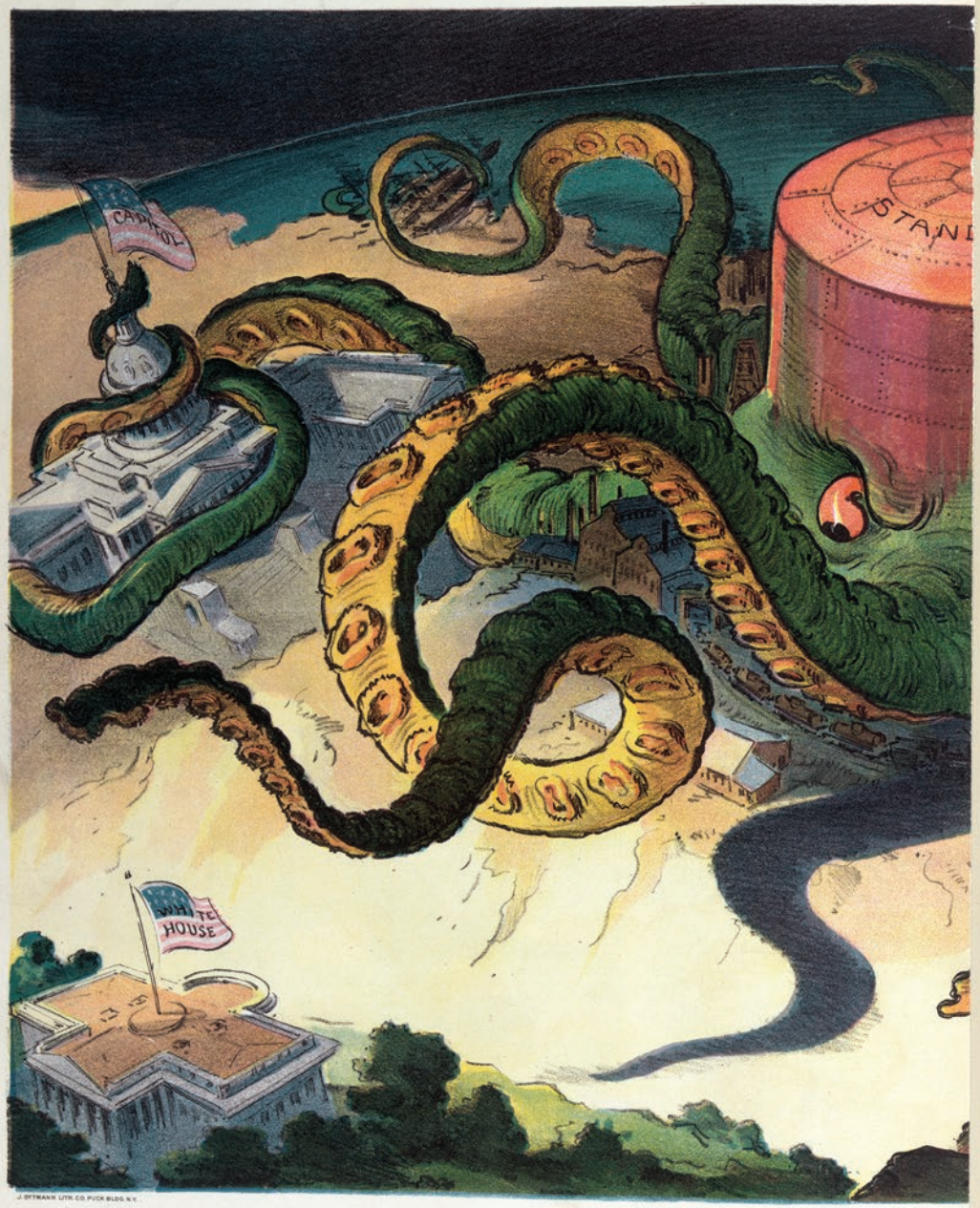
Artist unknown, "**Adolf Hitler**" (c. 1935–39). France: cartoon caricature from publication.





THE FOUNTAIN OF TAXATION.
EVENTUALLY THE BOTTOM BASIN GETS IT.

Artist unknown, "**The Fountain of Taxation**" (1909). New York: Keppler & Schwarzmann.


PU
CAPITOL
STAND
WHITE HOUSE
J. OTTMANN LITH. CO. PUCK BLDG. N.Y.
NEX

THE ARCHIVE

ENDLING

The last known individual of a species or subspecies. Once the endling dies, the species becomes extinct.

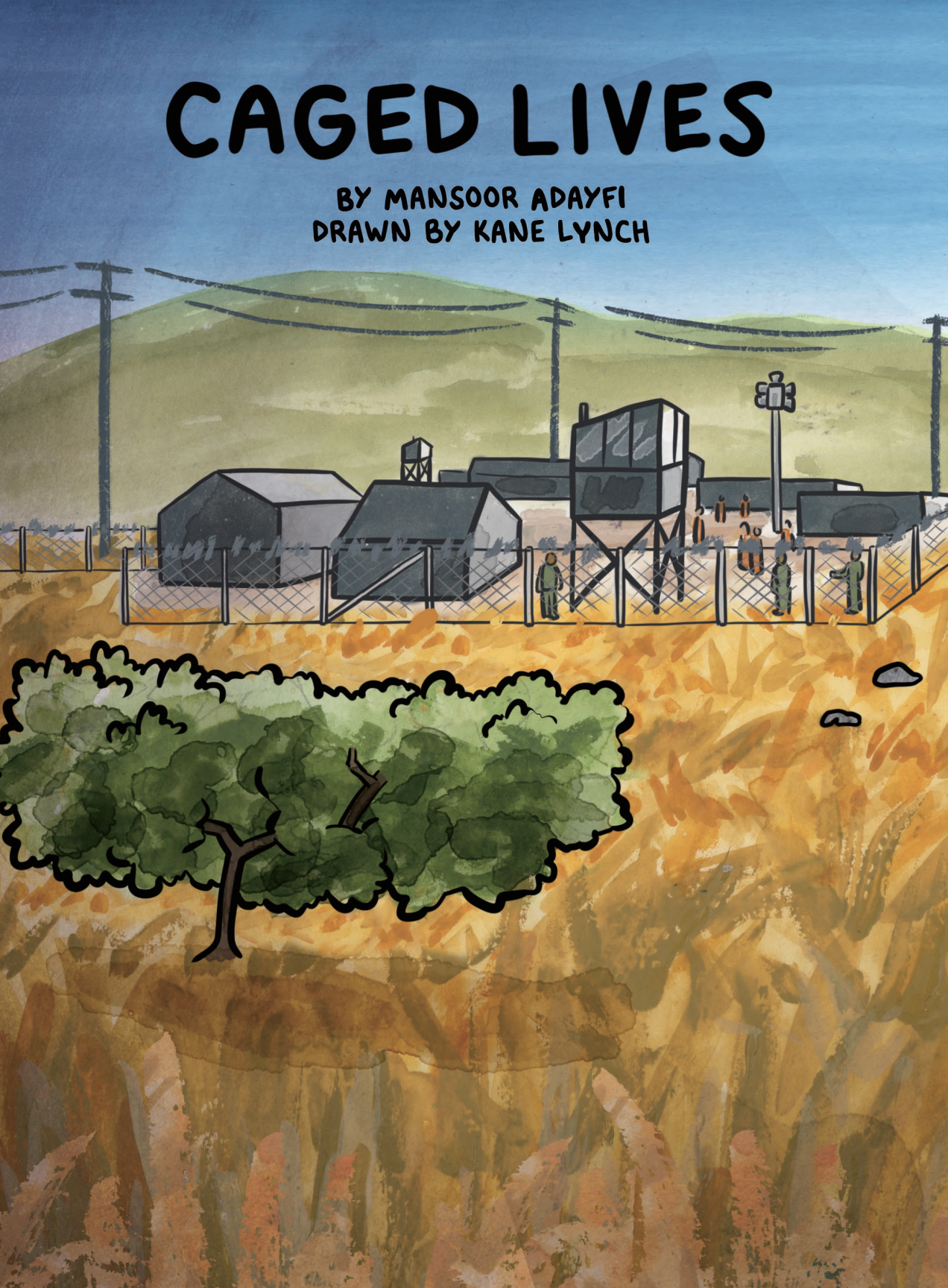
Orange Band the Dusky Seaside Sparrow, 1987

A nonmigratory subspecies of the common seaside sparrow, dusky seaside sparrows were native to Merritt Island and along the St. Johns River in Florida. Its extremely limited range made it vulnerable to human land development, and efforts were taken to conserve the last known groups of sparrows. One of them, Orange Band, was kept on Discovery Island, an attraction in Disney World dedicated to educating guests on the preservation of local wildlife. Orange Band was blind in one eye and lived to the ripe old age of 12.

FEATURES

CAGED LIVES

BY MANSOOR ADAYFI
DRAWN BY KANE LYNCH

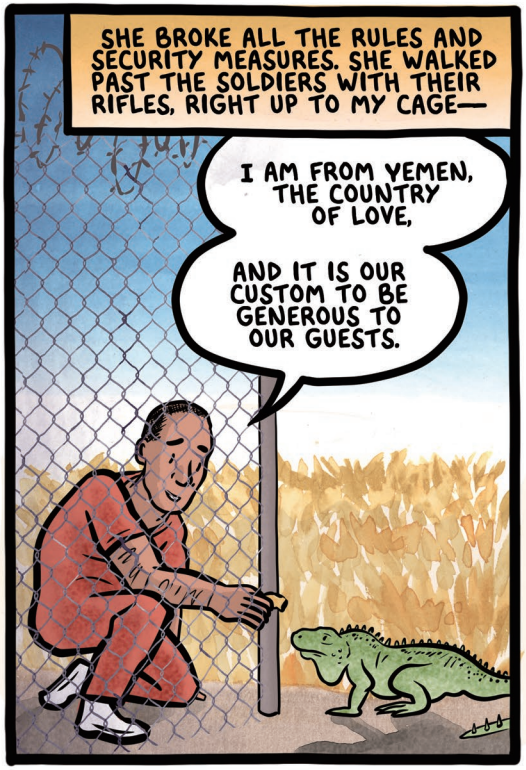


IMPRISONED IN GUANTANAMO . . .
WILD ANIMALS REMINDED ME I'M HUMAN.

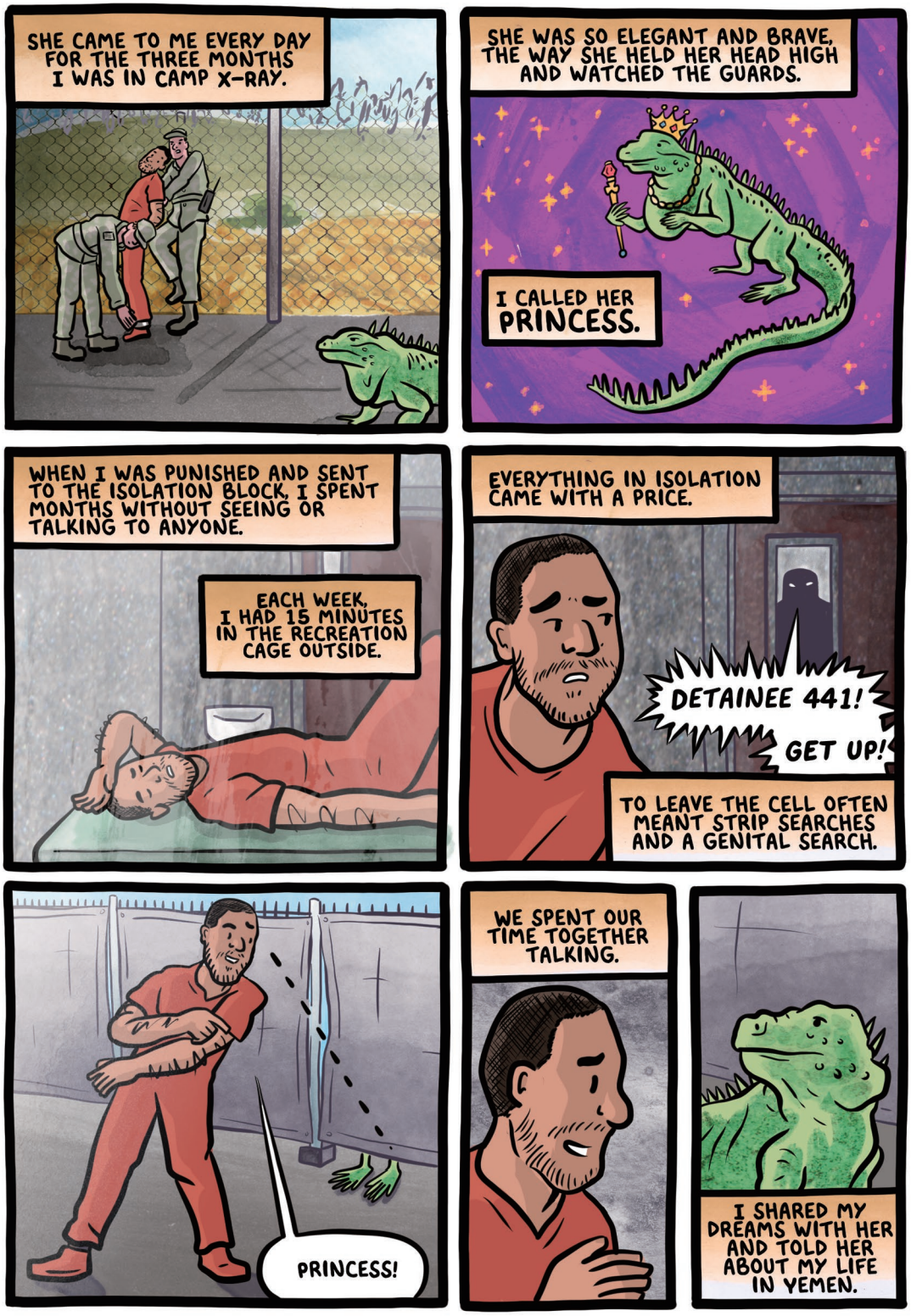
WHEN I FIRST SAW HER . . .
I COULDN'T BELIEVE MY EYES.

WHO WAS THIS CRAZY-BEAUTIFUL CREATURE WITH GOLDEN EYES?

WHAT DID SHE THINK ABOUT ALL THESE STRANGE CREATURES—
ORANGE AND BRUISED, CHAINED IN CAGES?


SHE BROKE ALL THE RULES AND SECURITY MEASURES. SHE WALKED PAST THE SOLDIERS WITH THEIR RIFLES, RIGHT UP TO MY CAGE—
I AM FROM YEMEN, THE COUNTRY OF LOVE,
AND IT IS OUR CUSTOM TO BE GENEROUS TO OUR GUESTS.

I FEEL BAD THAT I DON'T HAVE MUCH TO OFFER.
MUNCH
MUNCH
MUNCH


SHE CAME TO ME EVERY DAY FOR THE THREE MONTHS I WAS IN CAMP X-RAY.
SHE WAS SO ELEGANT AND BRAVE, THE WAY SHE HELD HER HEAD HIGH AND WATCHED THE GUARDS.
I CALLED HER PRINCESS.
WHEN I WAS PUNISHED AND SENT TO THE ISOLATION BLOCK, I SPENT MONTHS WITHOUT SEEING OR TALKING TO ANYONE.
EACH WEEK, I HAD 15 MINUTES IN THE RECREATION CAGE OUTSIDE.
EVERYTHING IN ISOLATION CAME WITH A PRICE.
DETAINEE 441!
GET UP!
TO LEAVE THE CELL OFTEN MEANT STRIP SEARCHES AND A GENITAL SEARCH.
PRINCESS!
WE SPENT OUR TIME TOGETHER TALKING.
I SHARED MY DREAMS WITH HER AND TOLD HER ABOUT MY LIFE IN YEMEN.

WITHDRAWN
ANXIOUS
TALKING TO IGUANA (?)
CLOSE TO BREAKING

I WASN'T CRAZY.
PRINCESS HELPED ME REMEMBER WHO I WAS.

SHE REMINDED ME EVERY WEEK THAT I WAS HUMAN AND THAT LIFE STILL HAD BEAUTY.

2003
IN GUANTANAMO, WE DIDN'T HAVE MANY VISITORS. IN FACT, WE DIDN'T HAVE ANY VISITORS AT ALL.
IMAGINE OUR SURPRISE WHEN A WHOLE FAMILY VISITED US ONE NIGHT.
WHO ARE THEY?
THEY'RE SO CUTE!
THEY HAD SO MUCH PERSONALITY.
THEY SEEMED LIKE LITTLE PEOPLE.
HOW DID THEY GET PAST THE GUARDS UP IN THE TOWER?
IF THE AMERICANS CATCH THEM, THEY WILL PUT THEM IN HERE WITH US!
THEY WILL GIVE THEM ORANGE CLOTHES!
TERRIBLE FOOD!
THEN OFF TO THE INTERROGATORS WHERE THEY WOULD BE ASKED—
"WHERE IS BIN LADEN?"
"ARE YOU AL-QAIDA?!"
LICK
LICK

THEY'RE JUST IN TIME TO SHARE A MEAL!
AWW!
LOOK AT THAT!
MUNCH MUNCH
ONE NIGHT THE BIG FAT GUY CAME BACK BY HIMSELF.
WE DIDN'T KNOW WHAT BROUGHT HIM.
MAYBE HE WAS HUNGRY.
EEE!
EEEEE!

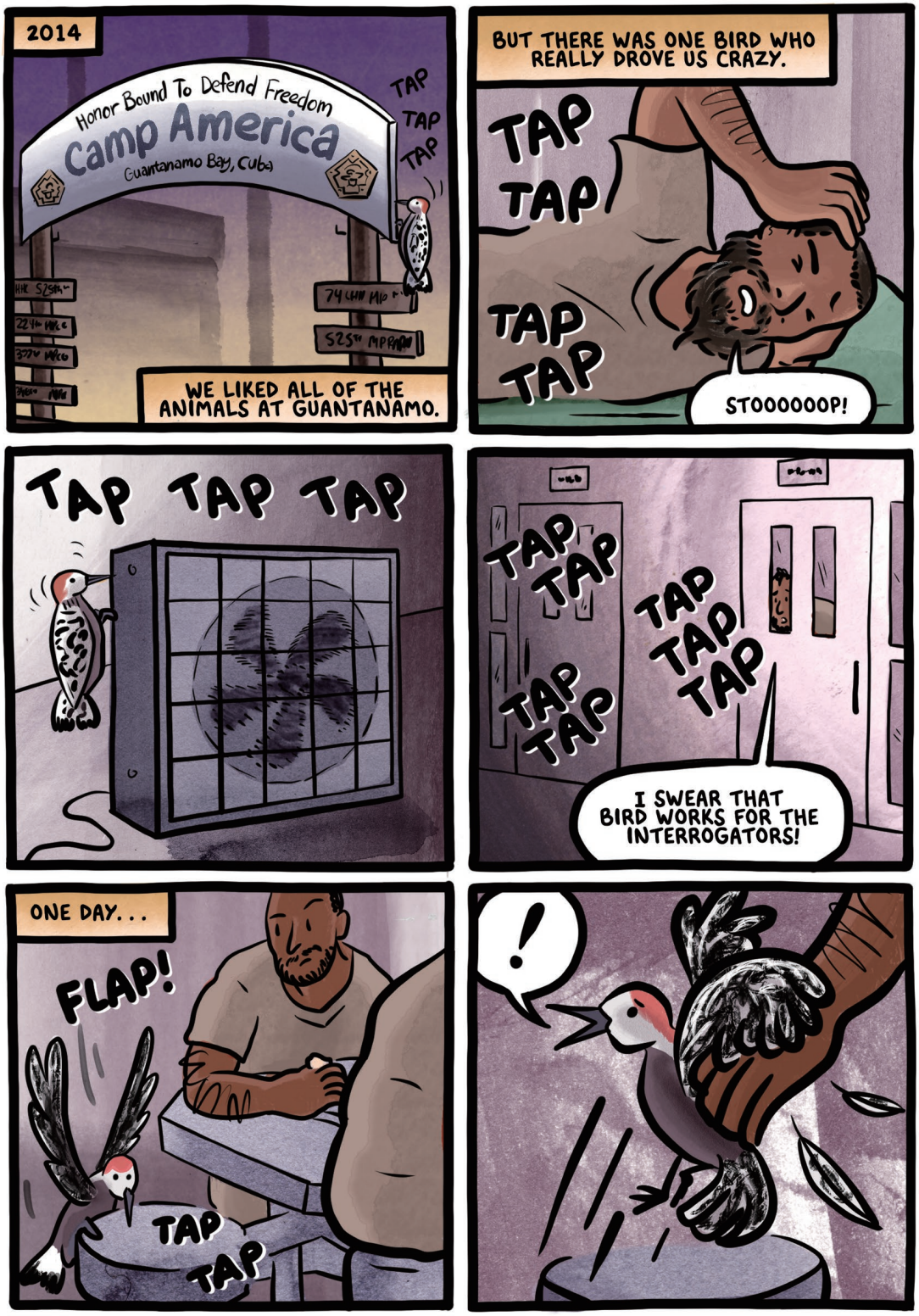
IT HURT US TO SEE HIM IN THAT SITUATION.
EEE!
EEE!
EEE!
THEN WE SMELLED THE PEPPER SPRAY.
WE KNEW THE PAIN OF PEPPER SPRAY. WE KNEW WHAT THE GUARDS HAD DONE.
د ېدنک ەرخ د ېوز ېزېو ېوی!
DONKEY BASTARD SON OF A WHORE!
SHUT THE FUCK UP AND GO BACK TO SLEEP!
EEEEE!
EEEEE!
SPLOOSH!
AGH!

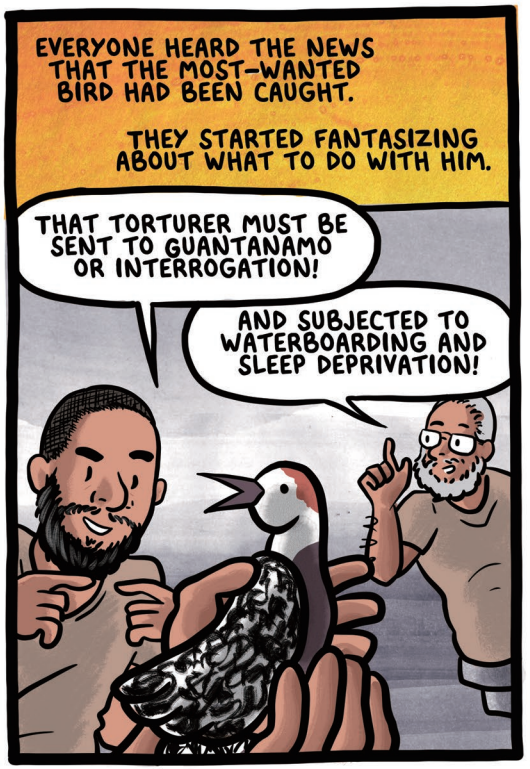
WE WERE ON FIRE.

WE COULDN'T BREATHE.

ALL OF US GOT PUNISHED FOR THAT NIGHT.
SOLITARY CONFINEMENT.
MEALS CUT.

WHEN YOU HAVE SO LITTLE, YOU MUST STAND FOR WHAT YOU HAVE AND DEFEND THOSE WHO HAVE LESS AND ARE WEAKER.
EVEN IF THEY ARE A BANANA RAT.


2014
Honor Bound To Defend Freedom
Camp America
Guantanamo Bay, Cuba
TAP TAP TAP
WE LIKED ALL OF THE ANIMALS AT GUANTANAMO.
BUT THERE WAS ONE BIRD WHO REALLY DROVE US CRAZY.
TAP TAP TAP TAP
STOOOOOOP!
TAP TAP TAP
TAP TAP TAP TAP TAP TAP TAP
I SWEAR THAT BIRD WORKS FOR THE INTERROGATORS!
ONE DAY...
FLAP!
TAP TAP
!


EVERYONE HEARD THE NEWS THAT THE MOST-WANTED BIRD HAD BEEN CAUGHT.
THEY STARTED FANTASIZING ABOUT WHAT TO DO WITH HIM.
THAT TORTURER MUST BE SENT TO GUANTANAMO OR INTERROGATION!
AND SUBJECTED TO WATERBOARDING AND SLEEP DEPRIVATION!

I THINK THAT BIRD WAS WORKING FOR THE CIA AND FBI AND HE MUST BE PROSECUTED!
LET THE CATS BE HIS INTERROGATORS!
HE IS THE WORST OF THE WORST!

A DETAINEE BROUGHT SOME PAINT AND DIPPED THE BIRD'S FEET IN IT.
?
WHITE PAINT

AGREEMENT
I WILL NOT DISTURB CAMP DELTA.
I WILL ONLY PECK ON THE ASSHOLE GENERAL MILLER'S OFFICE WALL.

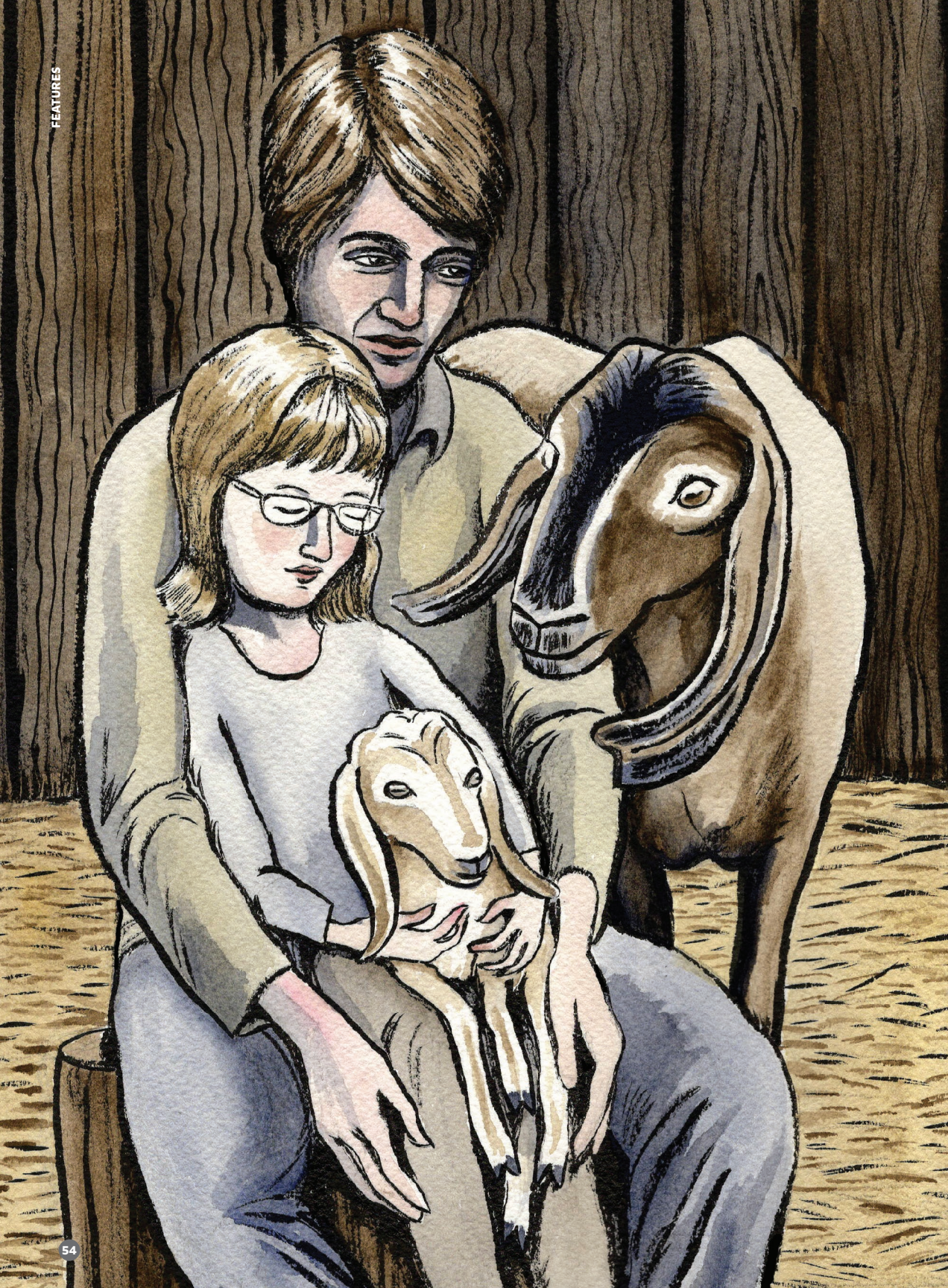
FINALLY, THE BIRD'S CAPTOR TOOK ONE FEATHER FROM HIS TAIL.
PLUCK!
THEN RELEASED HIM.

I ENVIED THAT BIRD.
HIS FEATHER WOULD GROW BACK.

WE WOULD NEVER GET BACK THE YEARS OF OUR LIVES THAT WERE TAKEN AWAY FROM US.

Mansoor Adayfi was imprisoned in Guantanamo Bay detention camp for 15 years.
He was finally released in 2016 and sent to live in Serbia, a country he had never been to.
He was never charged with a crime.

THIS IS ME NOW.
I STRUGGLE TO SURVIVE. I LIVE IN UNCERTAINTY.



Bleating HEART

How raising goats brought the divides in our culture over eating meat into sharp relief

By Arwen Donahue

The goats and I were pregnant together. One by one, I watched them give birth, without much struggle, after a half hour or so of labor.
When my time came, I headed to the barn to labor in the presence of masters.
You got this, honey.
Yes, I anthropomorphized a little.
Their milk helped build my daughter's body.
I was raised vegetarian and don't enjoy eating meat. But if I drink the goats' milk, it would make sense to eat their flesh, too.
Milk nurtures life at its beginning
Meat marks its violent end.
Meat and milk are opposites, yet in the context of commercial production, they go hand in hand.

The year after our daughter Phoebe was born, we had nine new goat kids—more than ever before.
Between the goats' bodies and mine, our farm was a veritable fountain of milk.

My husband David and I had been farming for six years, delivering weekly produce baskets to our subscribing customers. That year, we were trying something new: Each basket would include a disk of fresh goat cheese.
PSSHHT

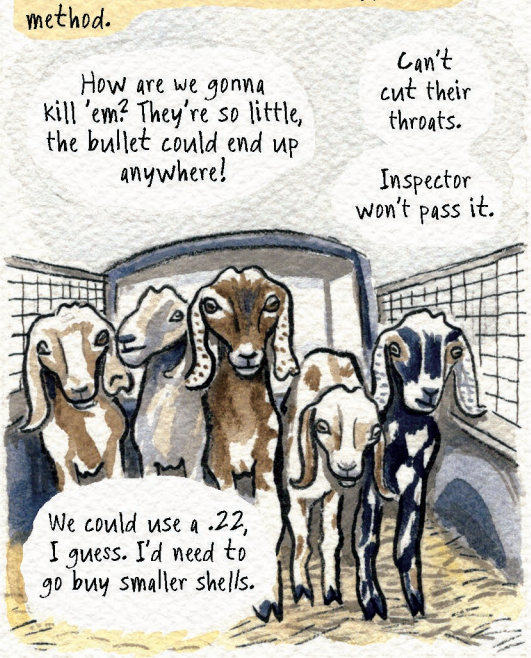
Three of the nine newborns were rejected by their mothers. Getting them fed was a circus act.

A chef friend wanted five of the kids for meat. We raised them to ten weeks, then David took them to a small slaughterhouse nearby.
Let's load them two at a time.
They'll feel safer that way.

Our friend paid a fair price for the meat. We would almost break even on the goat kids—that is, if you don't count the labor.

David told me that after he backed into the slaughterhouse's loading dock, the staff came out to take a look at the day's work.

These workers were accustomed to killing big livestock animals—cattle, hogs—with a bullet to the head, the USDA-approved method.

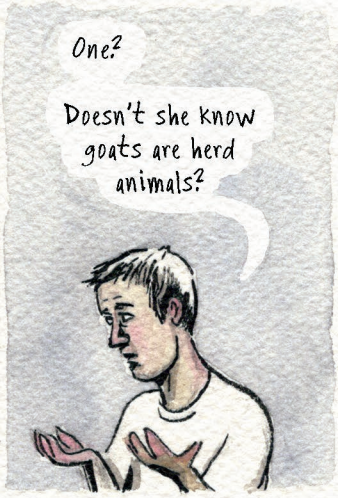


I spent the next hours in strip-development land, wishing I were home. I believed in working toward a culture of eating sustainably raised meat. That belief led me into this mess.
SUBWAY

Still, I couldn't think of a better way. Slaughtering the kids at home would have spared them the trip to the facility, and spared the staff their distress. But in order to be served to the public, meat must be USDA certified.
RACTOR
PPLY Co

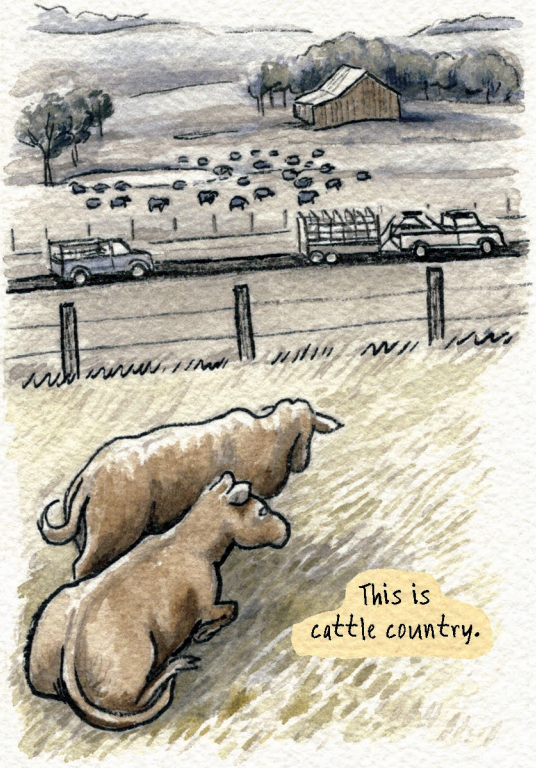
I got back to the meatpacker's just as Wanda, the USDA inspector, was leaving.
She looked at me like I was the worst kind of monster.

Thank you. But we won't accept no more goats that small.
The kids we brought weighed about 30 pounds each, the size "most popular for the Easter-Passover market," according to *Storey's Guide to Raising Dairy Goats.*



The worker who shot the kids came out to load the offal and hides. His wife was also an employee.

Maybe it shouldn't be a surprise that goat kids were unrecognizable as meat to the workers of a small slaughterhouse in 21st-century rural Kentucky.



Goats' place in the terrain of American livestock has always been marginal. Long known in the white Western world as the "poor man's cow," the goat's image was never aspirational enough to vie for the title of our national meat.

Globally, though, goats are keystones of human culture and have been since the beginning of Homo sapiens' long domestication project.

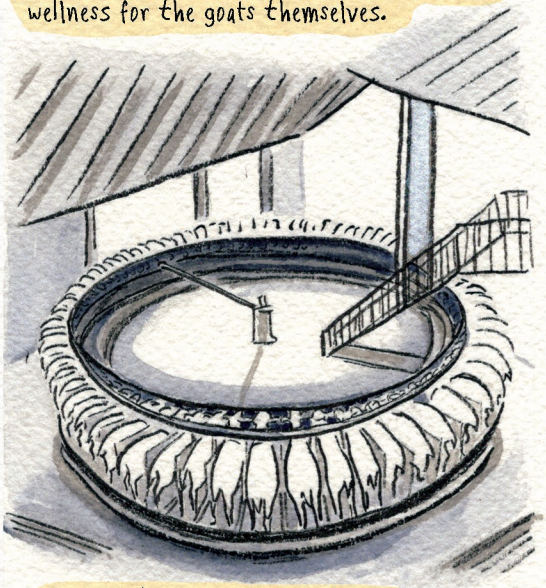
Here, goat meat is mostly eaten by black and brown people, many of them immigrants from all around the world.

And as America grows more diverse, Americans are eating more goat meat.

People in the U.S. are also eating far more goat dairy products than they were a decade ago. These consumers tend to represent a different demographic than those who eat goat meat.

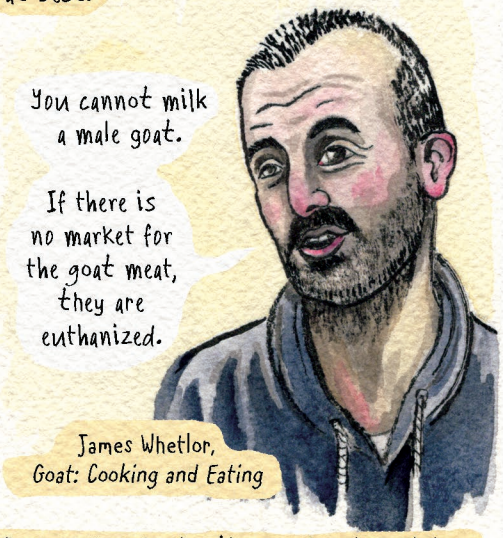
Goats' sustainable image—not to mention their popularity as yoga partners—makes their dairy appealing mostly to white urbanites with disposable income and a penchant for wellness.

Yet goat dairies are not always paragons of wellness for the goats themselves.



Many of them are getting bigger. This "goat rotary" can milk up to 1,300 goats in an hour.

The infrastructure for marketing male kids born to these growing dairy herds is patchy at best.



The usual euthanization method is striking the animal's head with a blunt object or swinging it against a wall.

There are deep divides in our culture over the ethics of eating meat. And goats—because they play such diverse roles in our lives—just might reveal those divides more starkly than any other animal.

Most goats in the U.S. are concentrated on profit-oriented farms, where they are raised for meat or dairy production. Yet many goat farms are hobby operations, on which goats are virtually pets.

But there are good arguments for Americans to eat more goat meat. Factory farms are notoriously harmful to both animals and environment, yet goats remain outsiders to Big Agriculture. Most goat farms in the U.S. consist of fewer than 500 goats.

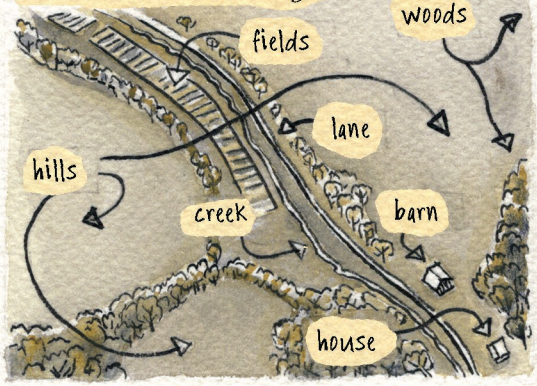
And unlike cows, goats step lightly on the land. We've raised both cattle and goats, and the difference is dramatic.

When we lived in the city, David and I didn't eat meat. We didn't want to support industrial farms that abused the land and treated animals as commodities. We also wanted to grow our own food.

When we had a chance to buy this farm, we jumped.

Here, we began raising the vegetables that make most of our living.

Our vegetarian diet made less sense here. On a small farm like ours, you just can't grow a lot of beans and grains. The hilly pasture is decent for livestock, though.



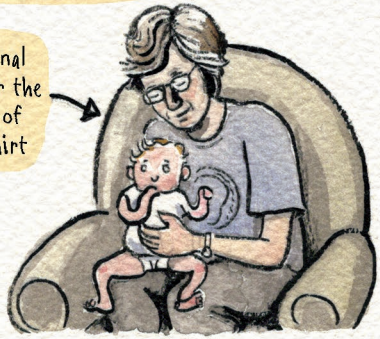
Ruminants transform grass, our farm's most abundant crop, into manure for fertilizing our fields, and into milk and flesh.

We bought a pair of dairy goats.

Soon we had surplus kids. The year Phoebe was born, David slaughtered a male goat kid.

He butchered, cooked, and ate it, then tanned its hide.

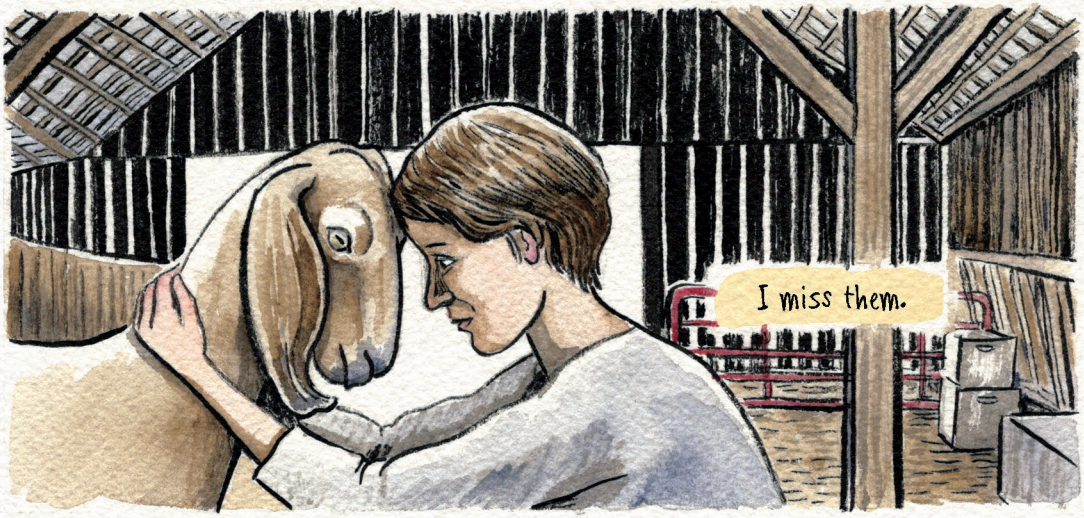
I didn't help with any of this. My head and heart were sharply divided on the matter of eating the goats. David did the bloody work when I was away from the farm, visiting my fiercely vegetarian mother.



When Phoebe started eating solid food, David fed her a bite of goat meat. She was not yet talking, but knew a few signs.

Yet Phoebe was devastated whenever an animal on our farm was slaughtered or killed by a predator. At age seven, she became a vegetarian.

Fifteen years have passed since we brought those five kids to the slaughterhouse. In order to make a living as farmers, we've had to streamline our operation.



ENDLING

The last known individual of a species or subspecies. Once the endling dies, the species becomes extinct.

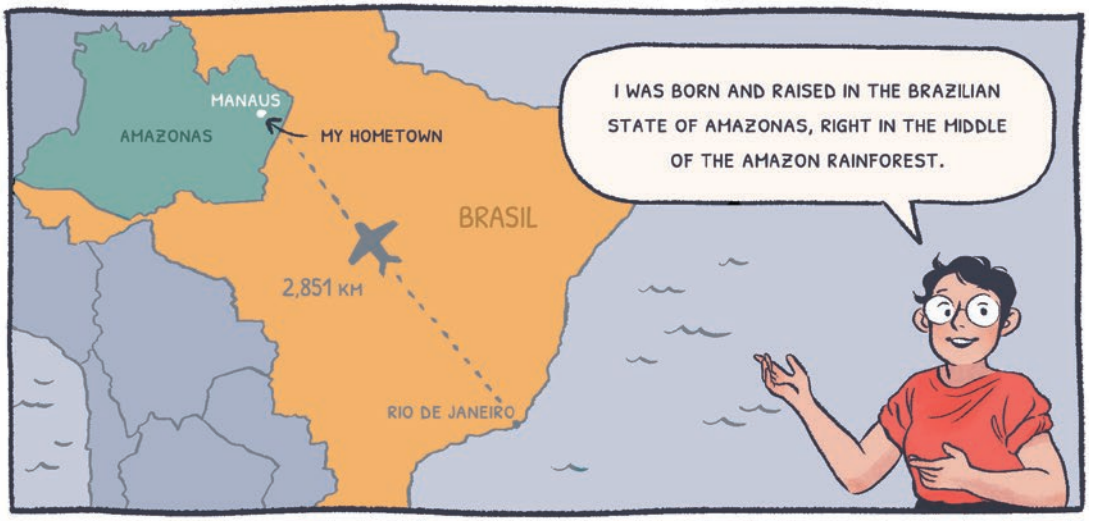
Celia the Pyrenean Ibex, 2000

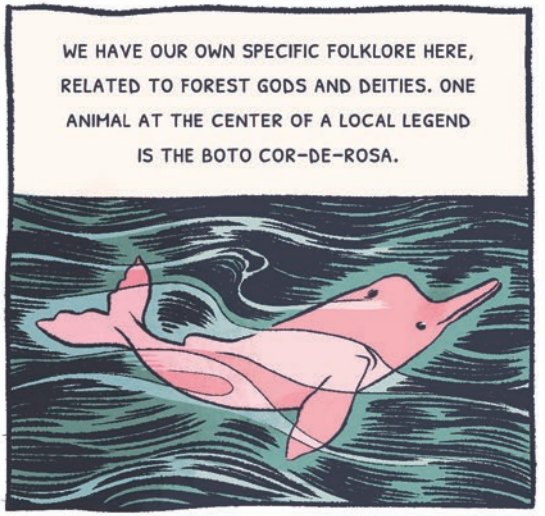
A subspecies of the Iberian ibex, the Pyrenean ibex, or bucardo, was the first extinct animal to be cloned back to life, albeit very briefly. When the last bucardo, Celia, died in 2000, scientists preserved her DNA and successfully implanted a cloned embryo into a goat in 2003. The clone lived for 10 minutes, and was not given a name.

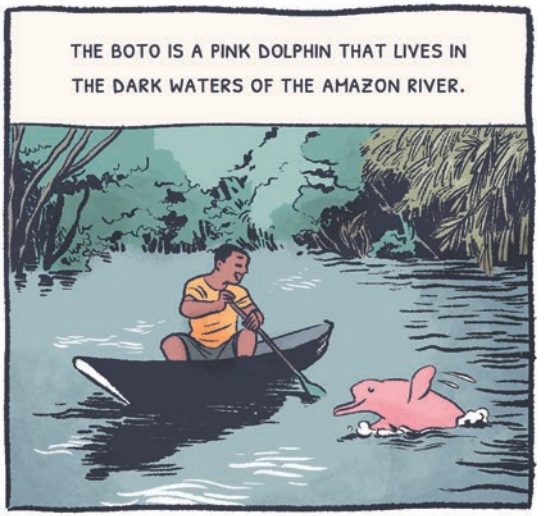
THE LEGEND OF THE BOTO COR-DE-ROSA

BRAZIL'S MYTH ABOUT AN AMAZONIAN DOLPHIN REVEALS A CULTURE OF MALE VIOLENCE

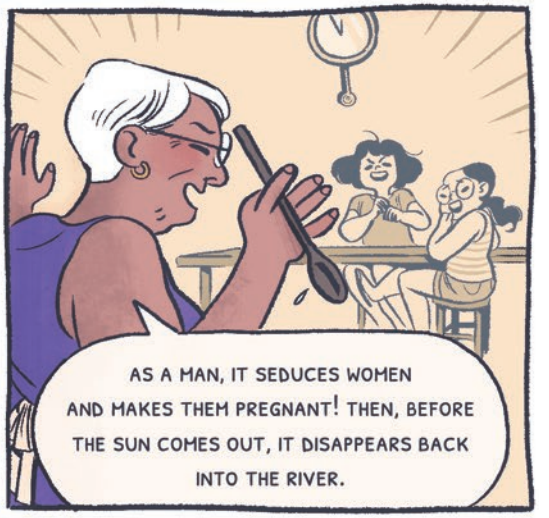
BY LAURA ATHAYDE


MANAUS
AMAZONAS
MY HOMETOWN
BRASIL
2,851 KM
RIO DE JANEIRO
I WAS BORN AND RAISED IN THE BRAZILIAN STATE OF AMAZONAS, RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF THE AMAZON RAINFOREST.


WE HAVE OUR OWN SPECIFIC FOLKLORE HERE, RELATED TO FOREST GODS AND DEITIES. ONE ANIMAL AT THE CENTER OF A LOCAL LEGEND IS THE BOTO COR-DE-ROSA.


THE BOTO IS A PINK DOLPHIN THAT LIVES IN THE DARK WATERS OF THE AMAZON RIVER.

MY GRANDMA USED TO TELL ME AND MY SISTER:
THE BOTO CAN TRANSFORM ITSELF INTO A HUMAN MAN, ALL DRESSED IN WHITE AND SPORTING A HAT TO COVER THE BREATHING HOLE ON TOP OF ITS HEAD.


AS A MAN, IT SEDUCES WOMEN AND MAKES THEM PREGNANT! THEN, BEFORE THE SUN COMES OUT, IT DISAPPEARS BACK INTO THE RIVER.

"FOR THIS REASON, WHEN AN UNKNOWN MAN ARRIVES AT A PARTY WITH A HAT ON, IT'S CUSTOMARY TO ASK HIM TO TAKE IT OFF, TO MAKE SURE HE ISN'T A BOTO."
HEY STRANGER, WHERE ARE YOUR MANNERS?
TAKE OFF YOUR HAT AND INTRODUCE YOURSELF!
IT'S ALSO CUSTOMARY TO CALL CHILDREN OF UNKNOWN FATHERHOOD "CHILDREN OF THE BOTO."
WHEN I WAS A KID, THAT STORY SEEMED HARMLESS ENOUGH. I LIVED IN THE CAPITAL OF AMAZONAS, PRETTY FAR FROM THE MAJOR RIVERS AND THE STORIES SURROUNDING THEM.
IT'S PROBABLY JUST A CAUTIONARY TALE TO KEEP YOUNG GIRLS FROM FALLING FOR STRANGERS.
BUT WHEN I GOT INTO LAW SCHOOL, A PROFESSOR TOLD US ABOUT THE DARKER SIDE OF THE LEGEND.
THAT TALE IS OFTEN USED TO COVER UP SEXUAL ABUSE AND INCEST IN SMALL TOWNS BY THE RIVERBANKS, FAR FROM THE CAPITAL AND THE REACH OF THE LAW.
I WAS SHOCKED THAT WHAT I HAD GROWN UP THINKING OF AS A WHIMSICAL STORY ABOUT A CUTE ANIMAL TIED INTO SUCH A VIOLENT ASPECT OF BRAZILIAN CULTURE.
WAIT.
WHAT?

I LEARNED THAT THE FIRST MENTIONS OF THE BOTO DATE BACK TO THE END OF THE 18TH CENTURY, WHEN EUROPEANS HAD ESTABLISHED THEMSELVES IN THE REGION AFTER A VIOLENT PROCESS OF COLONIZATION.

WAR OF THE MANAÓS, 1723 - 1728

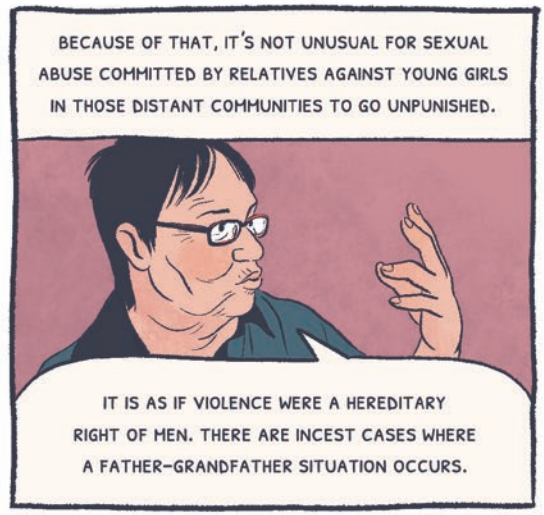
ACCORDING TO ANDRIOLLI COSTA, JOURNALIST AND RESEARCHER OF BRAZILIAN FOLKLORE, THE STORY WAS A WARNING AGAINST THE COLONIZERS WHO CAME, EXPLOITED THE LAND AND ITS PEOPLE, AND WENT AWAY—OFTEN LEAVING CHILDREN OF THEIR OWN BEHIND.

THAT'S WHY THE BOTO IS ALWAYS DESCRIBED AS A WHITE MAN.

"FOLK OU FAKE? BOTO NARIGUDO" (APRIL 2019)

FROM COLONIAL TIMES TO MID-19TH CENTURY, BRAZILIAN LEGAL STRUCTURES WERE EXTREMELY PATRIARCHAL. WOMEN HAD LITTLE TO NO AUTONOMY—THEY HAD VERY LIMITED OPTIONS FOR WORK AND WERE BANNED FROM ATTENDING SCHOOL.

THESE DAYS, MANY ASPECTS OF THAT CULTURE HAVE CHANGED, BUT SOCIETY IS STILL DEEPLY PATRIARCHAL. THE MYTH OF BOTO HAS BEEN ADAPTED TO FIT INTO THAT CONTEXT.



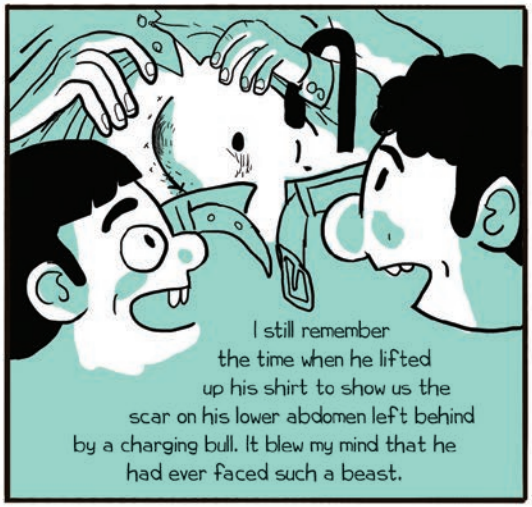
AND THE TALE OF THE BOTO — A STRANGER WHO HAD HIS WAY WITH WOMEN AND THEN COULD NEVER BE FOUND AGAIN — IS PART OF THAT CULTURE. IT'S USED TO ABSOLVE THESE MEN.

A STORY THAT WAS ORIGINALLY MEANT TO PROTECT PEOPLE FROM COLONIAL-ERA VIOLENCE STILL RESONATES IN MODERN-DAY SOCIETY.

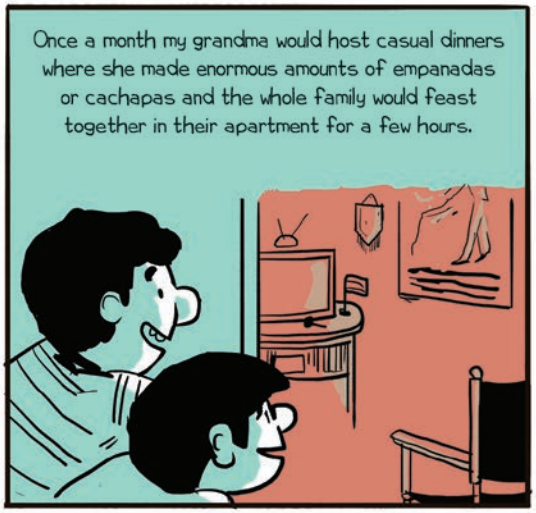
BULL FIGHTS
by: Mike Centeno
2019 ©

Since I could remember, both my grandfathers felt a certain shame in being called "Abuelo." I suspect they wanted to feel like young, virile men forever. I was only allowed to call them by their first names.
My paternal grandfather, however, approved of being called "Torero" or "Figura," terms used when referring to a bullfighter.

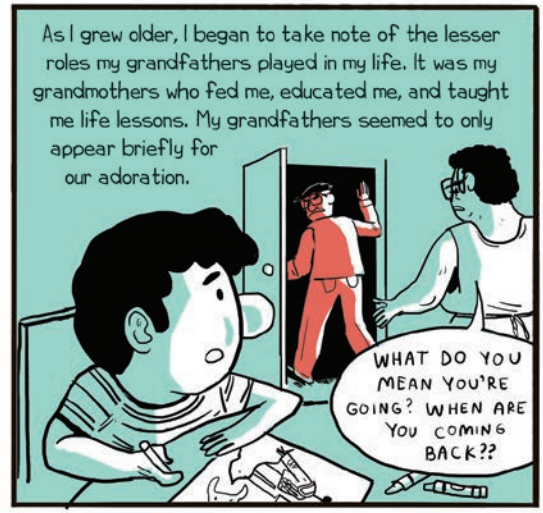
¡OLE!
He would often regale his many grandchildren with stories from his youth, when he fought bulls in a small town in Venezuela.

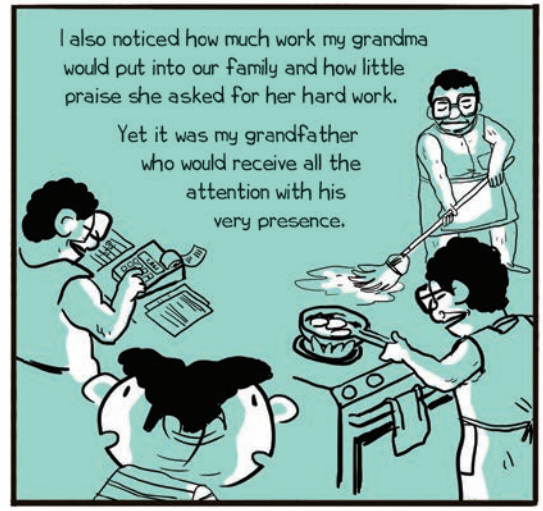

I still remember the time when he lifted up his shirt to show us the scar on his lower abdomen left behind by a charging bull. It blew my mind that he had ever faced such a beast.

Although I only ever saw a couple of pictures of my grandfather in full bullfighting regalia, this was what he chose to be defined by. Everyone in the family seemed very proud of it, and so was I.


Once a month my grandma would host casual dinners where she made enormous amounts of empanadas or cachapas and the whole family would feast together in their apartment for a few hours.

PLAZA DE TOROS DE SEVILLA
I was in awe of my grandfather's TV room, which was covered in bullfighting posters and memorabilia of his travels to Spanish arenas.
I was fascinated by the outfits the bullfighters wore. The grace shown when facing such raging beasts was impressive. Dancing lightly, twirling a cape, as thousands of pounds of pulsating muscle charged past them.


As I grew older, I began to take note of the lesser roles my grandfathers played in my life. It was my grandmothers who fed me, educated me, and taught me life lessons. My grandfathers seemed to only appear briefly for our adoration.
WHAT DO YOU MEAN YOU'RE GOING? WHEN ARE YOU COMING BACK??


I also noticed how much work my grandma would put into our family and how little praise she asked for her hard work.
Yet it was my grandfather who would receive all the attention with his very presence.

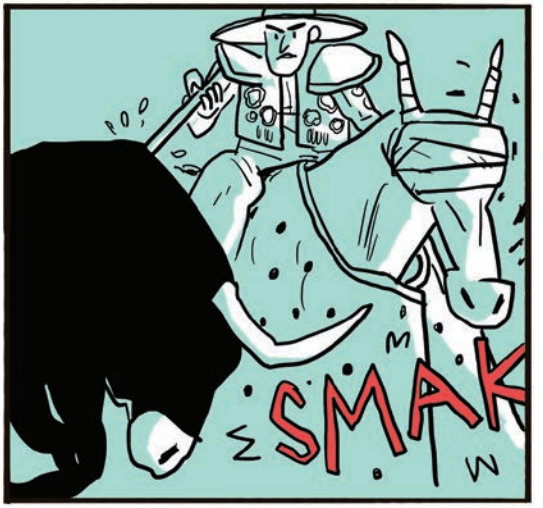
When I was nine, I overheard my grandmothers discussing stories of the physical and emotional abuse they received from their spouses. They shared them lightheartedly, like war stories. It was their norm, but it was chilling for me.
AY, MY FRIEND THESE BRUISES LOOK BAD

Not only did these women not receive any recognition for the roles they played as resourceful matriarchs, but they were brutally silenced by the men whom we were all taught to admire.
THIS IS JUST TYPICAL. IT'S WHY I DESPISE ALCOHOL!

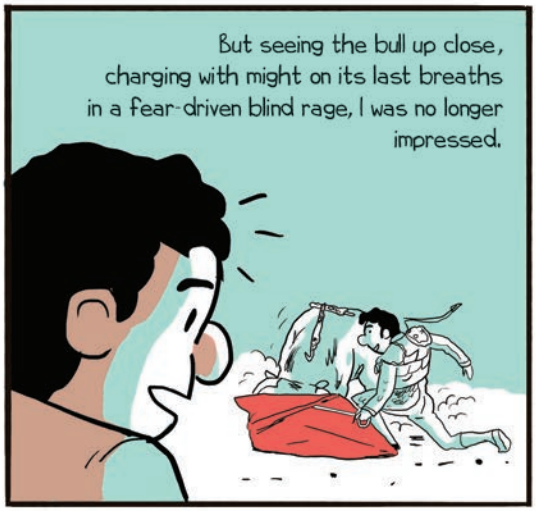
That year, I visited Spain for the first time. My father planned a trip to a bullfight in the Plaza de Toros de Las Ventas in Madrid.
I was sincerely excited.

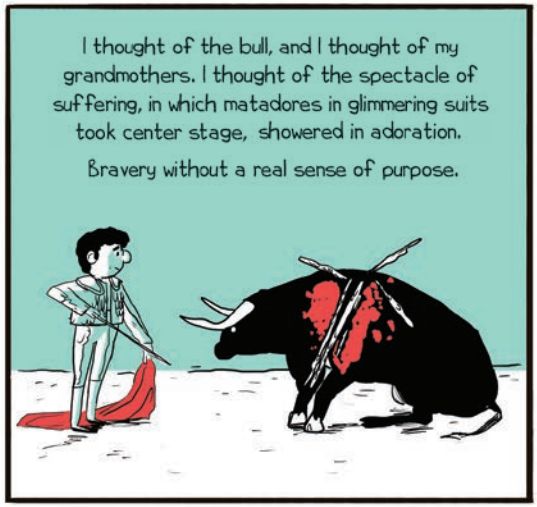
As I entered this massive arena I was in awe.
The posters from my grandfather's studio came to life. The pasodobles that I recognized from childhood were now blaring across an impressive cauldron of people.

Then the spectacle began.
Before the fight even started, we were treated to several rounds of preliminary abuse of the bull. Lancing from atop horses, taunting, and "flagging" all to rile the bull up.


SMAK

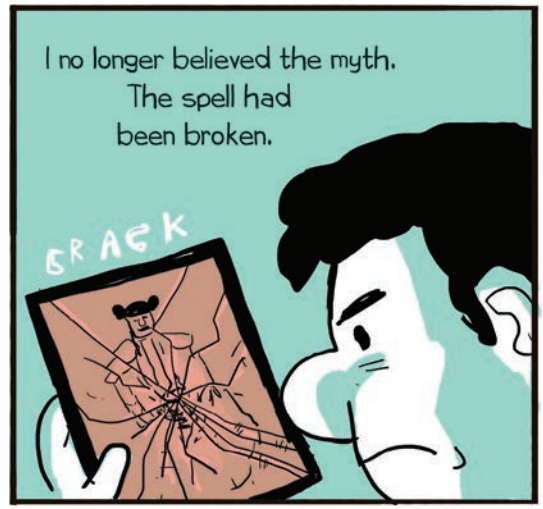
In order for us in the audience to have our "hero," there needed to exist an opposing force that deserved the punishment inflicted upon it.
Being there, at this huge stage, my views began to shift.
The dramatic flair and bravado were still there.

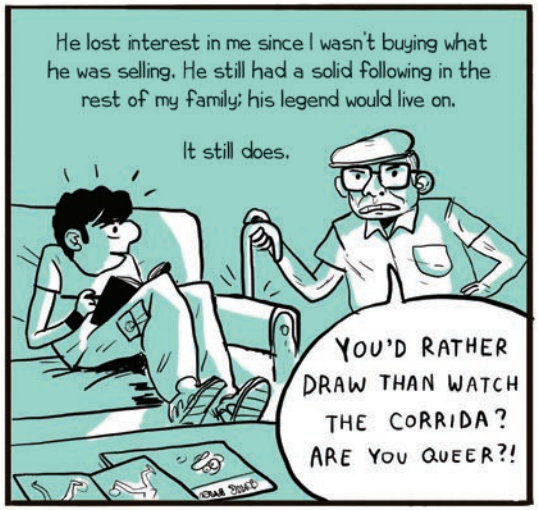

But seeing the bull up close, charging with might on its last breaths in a fear-driven blind rage, I was no longer impressed.

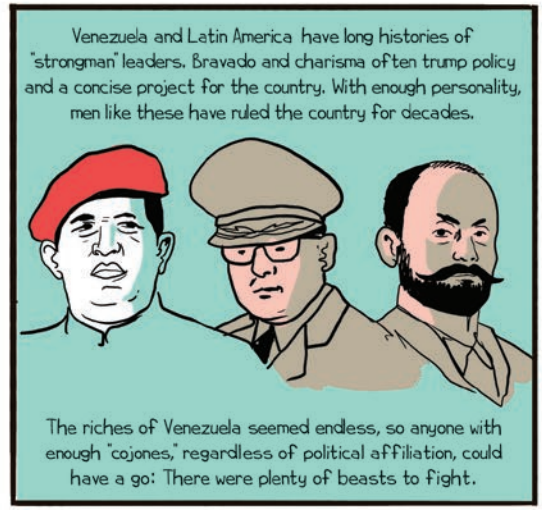

I thought of the bull, and I thought of my grandmothers. I thought of the spectacle of suffering, in which matadores in glimmering suits took center stage, showered in adoration.
Bravery without a real sense of purpose.

After leaving the arena, the figure of the matador had lost its sheen.

I could feel the distance my grandpa took from me after I stopped seeing him as the figure that he wanted me to see.
WHAT DID YOU THINK?


I no longer believed the myth. The spell had been broken.
CRACK


He lost interest in me since I wasn't buying what he was selling. He still had a solid following in the rest of my family; his legend would live on.
It still does.
YOU'D RATHER DRAW THAN WATCH THE CORRIDA? ARE YOU QUEER?!


Venezuela and Latin America have long histories of "strongman" leaders. Bravado and charisma often trump policy and a concise project for the country. With enough personality, men like these have ruled the country for decades.
The riches of Venezuela seemed endless, so anyone with enough "cojones," regardless of political affiliation, could have a go: There were plenty of beasts to fight.

Today, there's nothing but wounded bulls
barely strong enough to stand up to a slow, sloppy matador.

The spectacle has run its course.

As Venezuela continues to collapse, I wonder what it is
that still draws my relatives to the myth of the "Torero."
How could they not see what I saw?

Is it our own paternal relationships in a
continent with a strong culture of machismo and
mythologically large, often absent fathers?

In bullfighting, it is not us, the audience, hurting the bull.
The matador fights for us, so we don't have to.
And once we accept this cruelty to the animal, it makes it
easier to accept cruelty towards each other.

In a world of frenzied, wounded bulls,
do we trust those prodding them into a blind rage?

Or do we look past them to recognize they are
charging blindly at red flags
in an increasingly
uneven fight?

Without us, there is no spectacle.

Yet we keep praising the man with the cape.

My grandparents are all memories now.

While I respect and understand the fond feelings
my family has for our torero, I reject those who
broaden that into an embrace of the spectacle
of an us vs. them siege mentality

As global politics continue their steady trajectory towards
base entertainment, we must not be distracted by the allure
of strong men, suits of light, or crimson capes.

We may realize too late that what lies
at the end of the dark tunnel

is just the spectacle
of our own downfall.

The Inkwell

It's the Dawn of a New Age.

Illustration by Dustin Harbin

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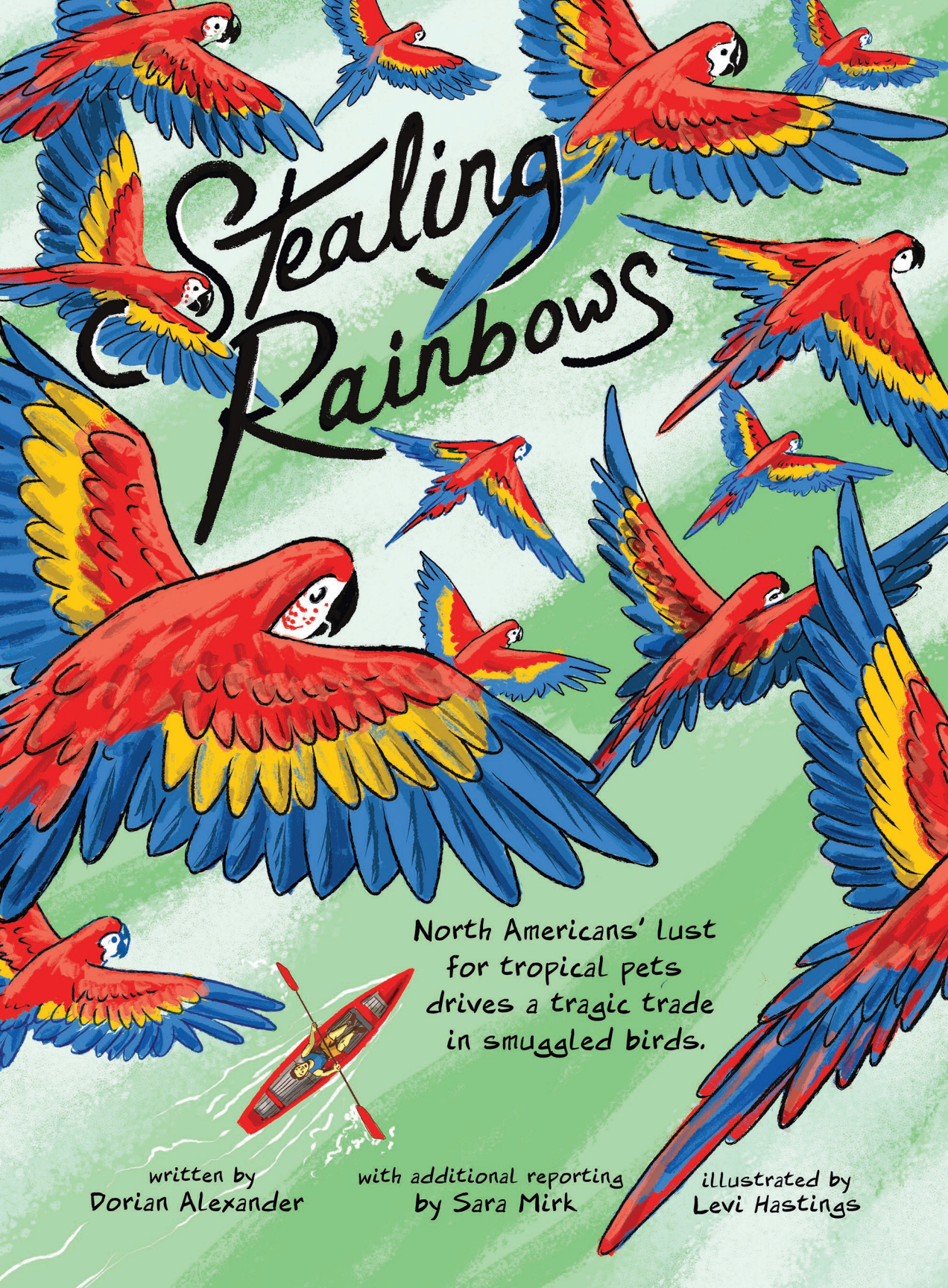
Illustration by Vreni Stollberger



Stealing Rainbows

North Americans' lust for tropical pets drives a tragic trade in smuggled birds.

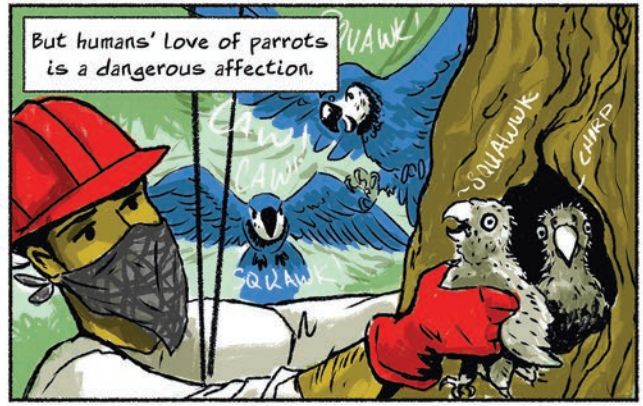
written by
Dorian Alexander

with additional reporting
by Sara Mirk

illustrated by
Levi Hastings

Ever since I was little, I dreamed of visiting the Amazon.
I finally got the chance in 2018.
After a long journey via car, plane, and boat, I arrived at Palmari Lodge,
COLOMBIA
PERU
BRAZIL
a combination ecotourism and research facility on the border of Colombia, Brazil, and Peru.
I was immediately struck by some of its more colorful tenants.
Colombia has the most bird species of any country on Earth and is home to the famous scarlet macaw.
But the staff soon told me that the macaws didn't live there by choice. The birds had been irreparably hurt by the exotic pet trade.
This one is pretty shy.
They could no longer fly.

Parrots are some of the most beloved icons of the jungle, a consequence of their beauty and charming intelligence.



The effect of our obsession is cruel and devastating.
HOSTEL
After habitat loss, animal trafficking represents the greatest threat to parrot populations.
While cats and dogs have been thoroughly domesticated over tens of thousands of years, parrots—even those bred in captivity—are still very much wild creatures.
SQUAWK!
CHIRP!
CHIRP!
There is no parrot in anybody's home in the U.S. that is more than two or three generations—max—away from the wild.
Dr. Charles Bergman, professor of environmental literature at Pacific Lutheran University and passionate parrot conservationist
In the early 1990s, Dr. Bergman went undercover as part of a sting operation for U.S. Fish and Wildlife Services.
Brownsville, Texas

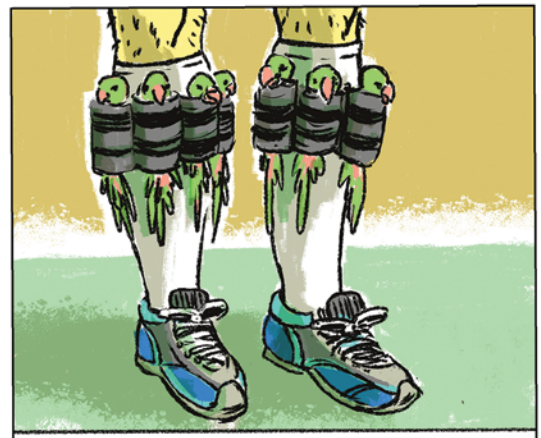
CHIRP
CHIRP
CHIRP
CHIRP
CHIRP
CHIRP
CHIRP
CHIRP
Around the world, animal trafficking is a $10 billion business.
It's the world's third-largest criminal enterprise, second only to drugs and guns in terms of pure profit.

Desirable parrots can sell for hundreds or thousands of dollars in the United States.

The hub of the illegal bird trade is South Africa, where African grey parrots are captured and shipped out to become pets.

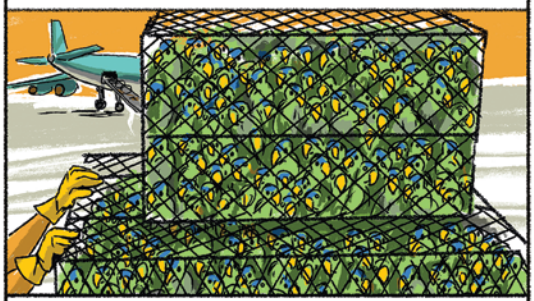
But animal trafficking flourishes in Latin America too.

Anywhere parrots dwell, people desperate to make a profit are smuggling them. Cartels smuggle animals and plants by using the same tactics and routes they use to bring drugs to the U.S.



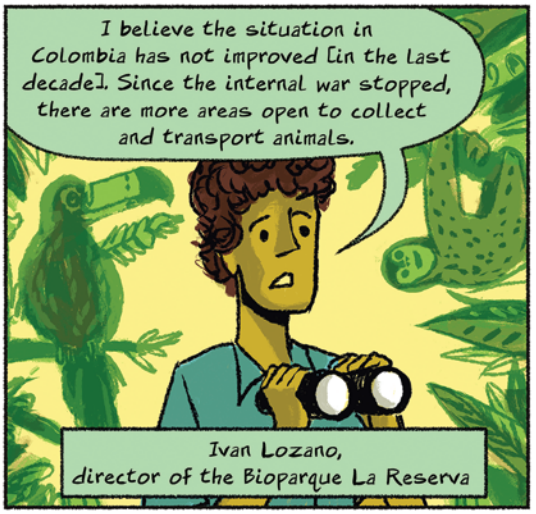
... then stashed in suitcases or strapped to the body of the smuggler.

They're also hidden among legal animal shipments. This process is extremely hard on the birds.



Out of 100 parrots caught in the wild, 77 of them die in the process of being smuggled and sold.

In the Americas, one-third of parrot species are now critically endangered. Scientists say that parrots face a higher rate of extinction than any other similar bird group.

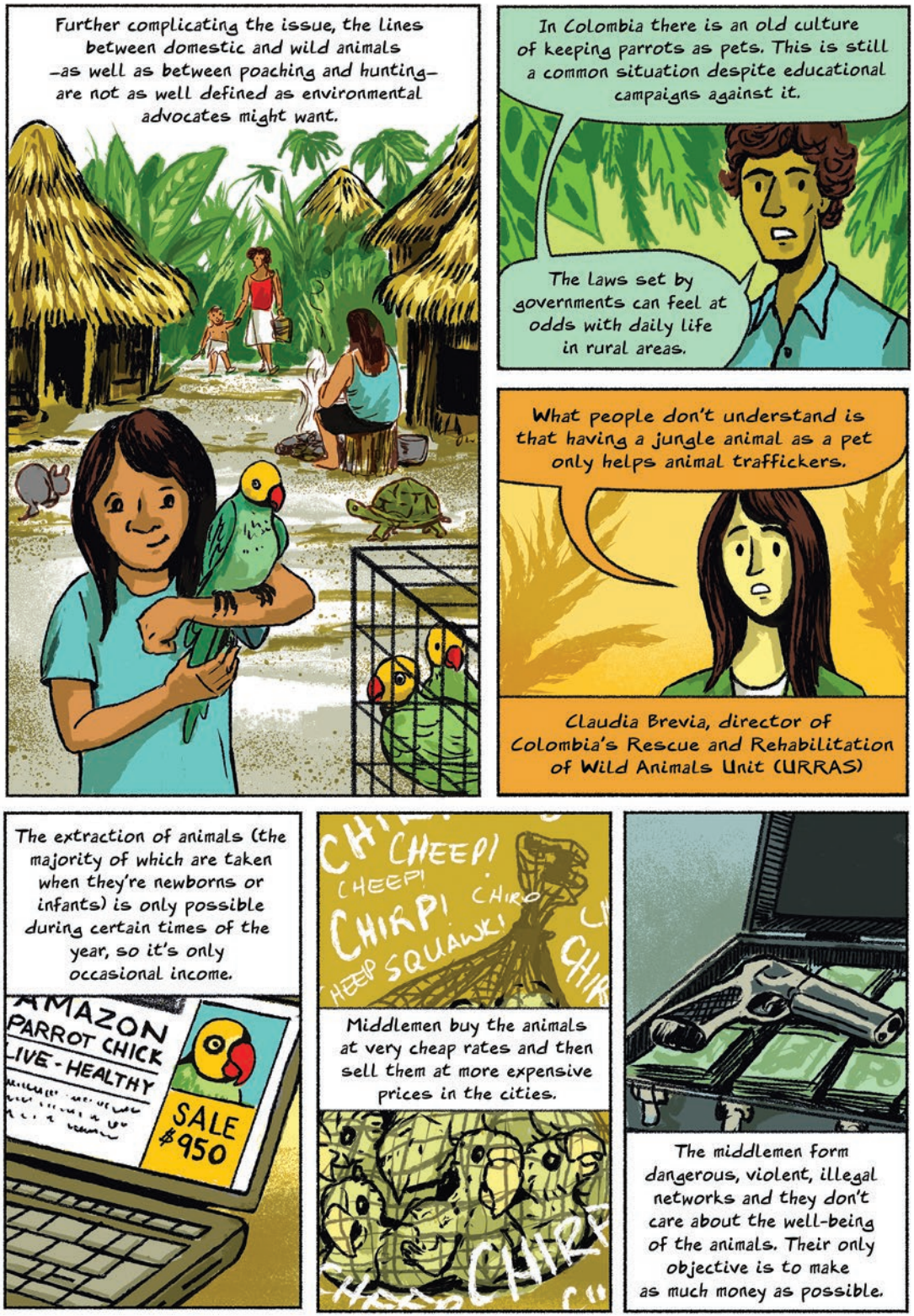

I believe the situation in Colombia has not improved [in the last decade]. Since the internal war stopped, there are more areas open to collect and transport animals.
Ivan Lozano, director of the Bioparque La Reserva

The biggest change in recent years is that now, instead of having to be sold in-person in markets, desirable animals can be sold online to buyers anywhere in the world.
LIVE PARROT
$1800

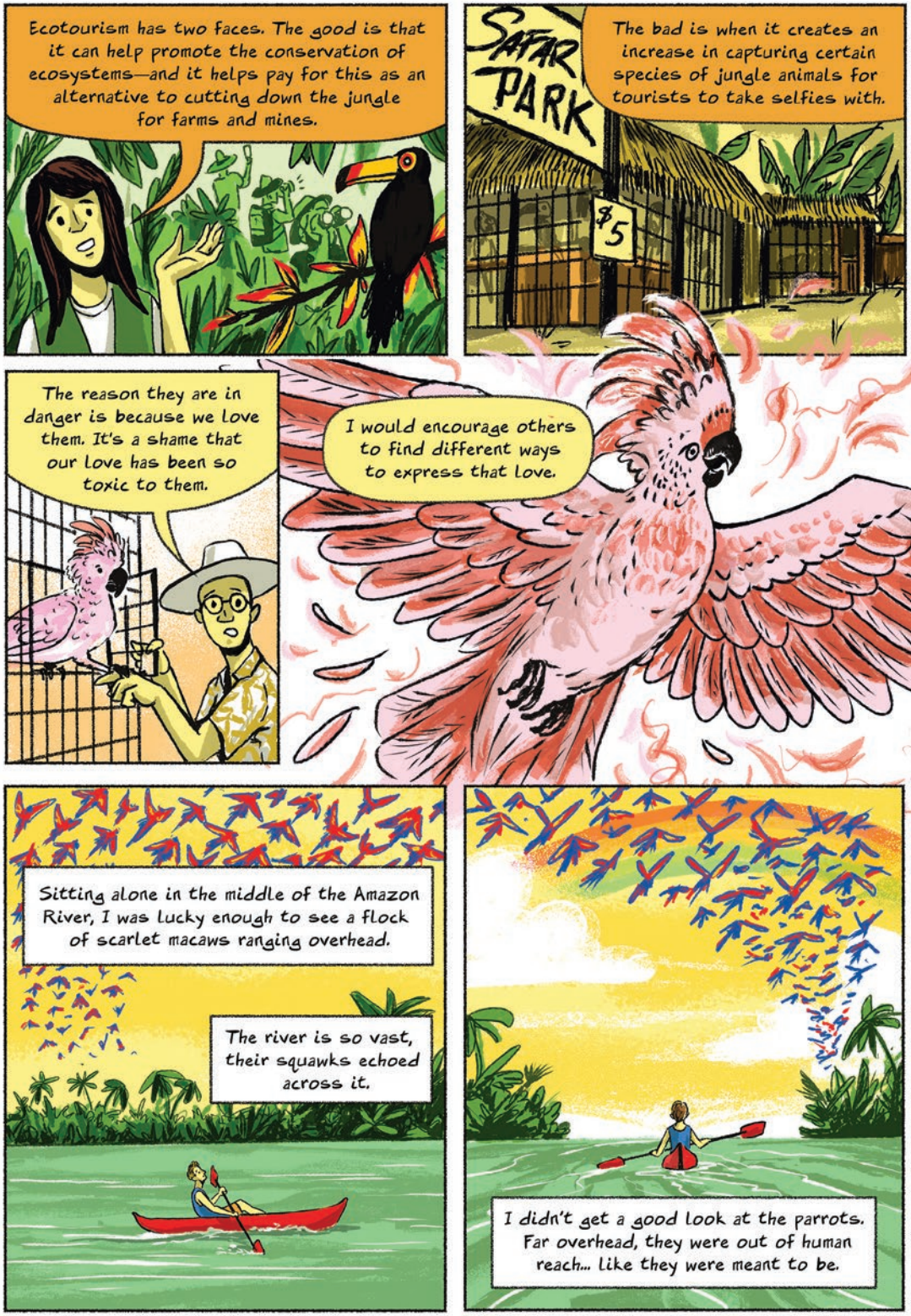
Many hobbyists around the world think that by buying the smuggled animals, they are protecting this species from extinction by keeping them safe, without having any knowledge or respect for local conservation projects and laws.

Just one scarlet macaw chick can be sold to a middleman for $150.
CHIRP
CHIRP
CHEEP
SQUAWK!

CHIRP
SQUAWK!
That kind of money is hard to turn down.


Further complicating the issue, the lines between domestic and wild animals –as well as between poaching and hunting– are not as well defined as environmental advocates might want.
In Colombia there is an old culture of keeping parrots as pets. This is still a common situation despite educational campaigns against it.
The laws set by governments can feel at odds with daily life in rural areas.
What people don't understand is that having a jungle animal as a pet only helps animal traffickers.
Claudia Brevia, director of Colombia's Rescue and Rehabilitation of Wild Animals Unit (URRAS)
The extraction of animals (the majority of which are taken when they're newborns or infants) is only possible during certain times of the year, so it's only occasional income.
AMAZON
PARROT CHICK
LIVE - HEALTHY
SALE
$950
CHEEP!
CHEEP!
CHIRP!
CHIRP
HEEP
SQUAWK!
Middlemen buy the animals at very cheap rates and then sell them at more expensive prices in the cities.
The middlemen form dangerous, violent, illegal networks and they don't care about the well-being of the animals. Their only objective is to make as much money as possible.

On Facebook, I see people posing with jungle animals in their homes, bathing them and treating them like babies.
MONKEY BATH TIME!
15,000
COMMENTS:85
This should be called the "Disney effect"—the distortion of the real nature of animals, reducing them to the role of characters, stuffed animals, or "little people" who should be close to humans to provide us entertainment.
Too often, humans' ideology when interacting with the wild is one of conquest. Everything must be tamed so that it can then be properly categorized and capitalized on.
But even people who love nature can wind up hurting it.
We don't just want to KNOW the natural world, we need to SHOW that we've experienced it.
SELFIES with PARROTS $1
Ethical ecotourism operations help encourage foreigners to come see parrots where they are, which in turn encourages local people to guide tourists in sustainable appreciation of wildlife instead of being pushed to sell it off to the highest bidder.


Ecotourism has two faces. The good is that it can help promote the conservation of ecosystems—and it helps pay for this as an alternative to cutting down the jungle for farms and mines.
SAFAR PARK
$5
The bad is when it creates an increase in capturing certain species of jungle animals for tourists to take selfies with.
The reason they are in danger is because we love them. It's a shame that our love has been so toxic to them.
I would encourage others to find different ways to express that love.
Sitting alone in the middle of the Amazon River, I was lucky enough to see a flock of scarlet macaws ranging overhead.
The river is so vast, their squawks echoed across it.
I didn't get a good look at the parrots. Far overhead, they were out of human reach... like they were meant to be.

ENDLING

The last known individual of a species or subspecies. Once the endling dies, the species becomes extinct.

Incas the Carolina Parakeet, 1918

One of only two parrot species native to the United States, the Carolina parakeet is one of the few parrot species able to live in cold climates. The species was never numerous to begin with, and fashionable hats decorated in colorful feathers spelled the end for the Carolina parakeet. Incas lived in the Cincinnati Botanical Gardens—actually in the same cage Martha the passenger pigeon lived in (p. 112)—until his death in 1918.

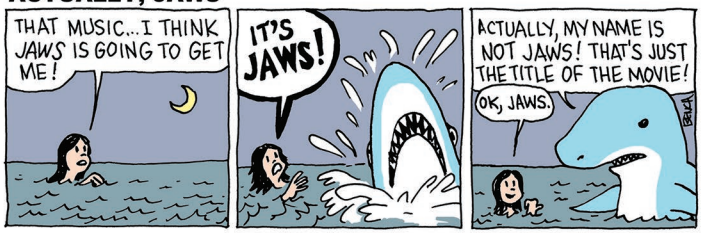
STRIPS

LH

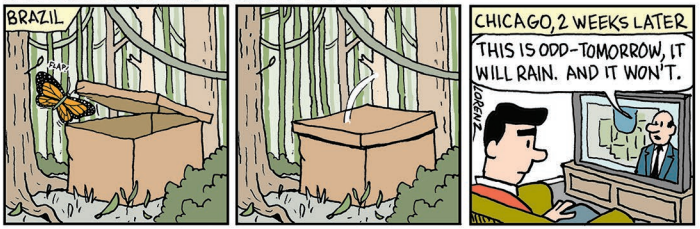
TOM the DANCING BUG'S EDITED BY RUBEN BOLLING

SUPER-FUN-PAK COMIX

ACTUALLY, JAWS



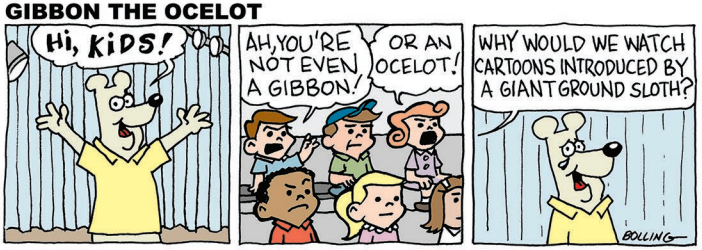
SCHRÖDINGER'S CHAOS BUTTERFLY



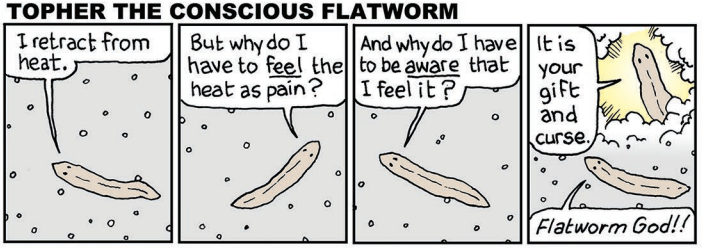
KITTENS RECITING THE WORDS OF SATAN

Part 3,514

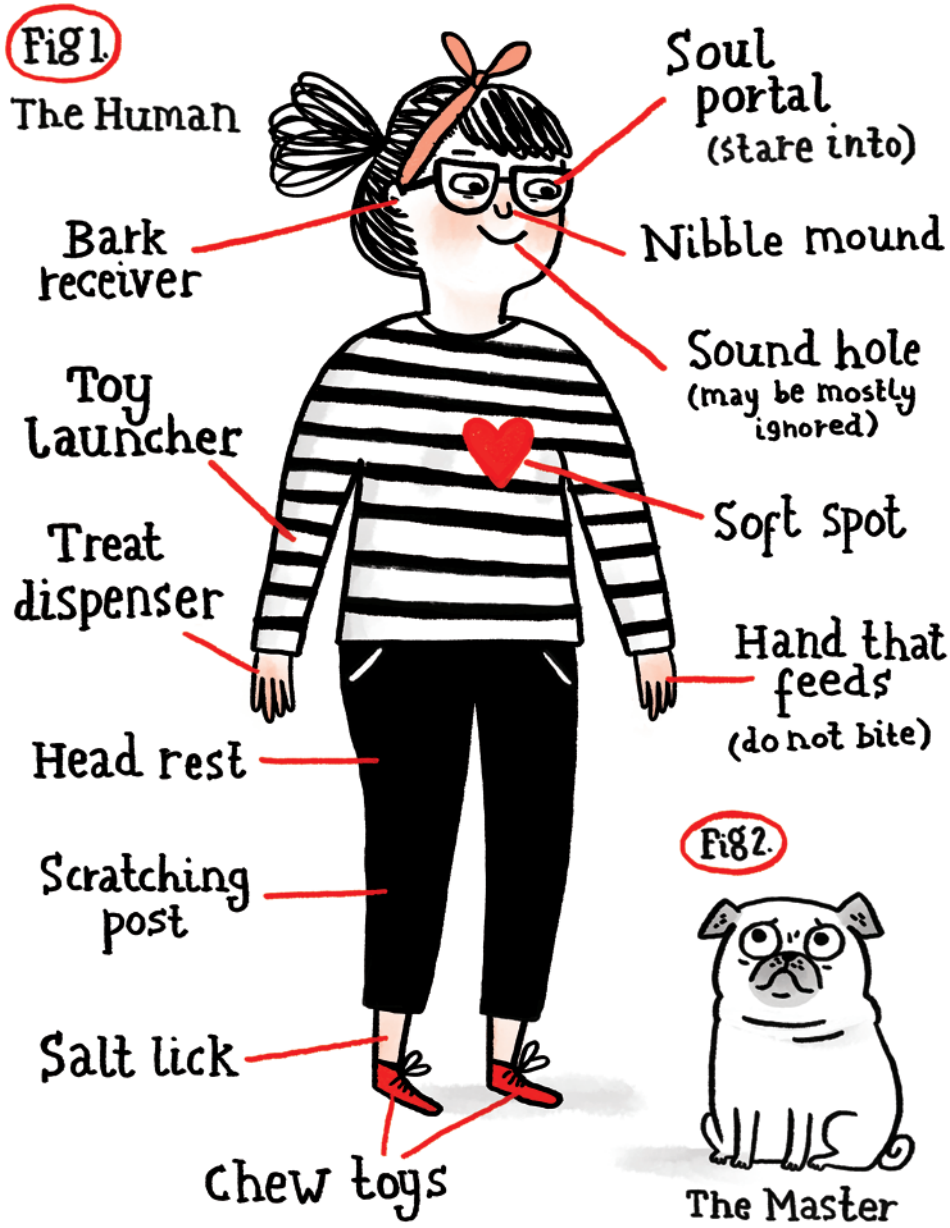
GIBBON THE OCELOT



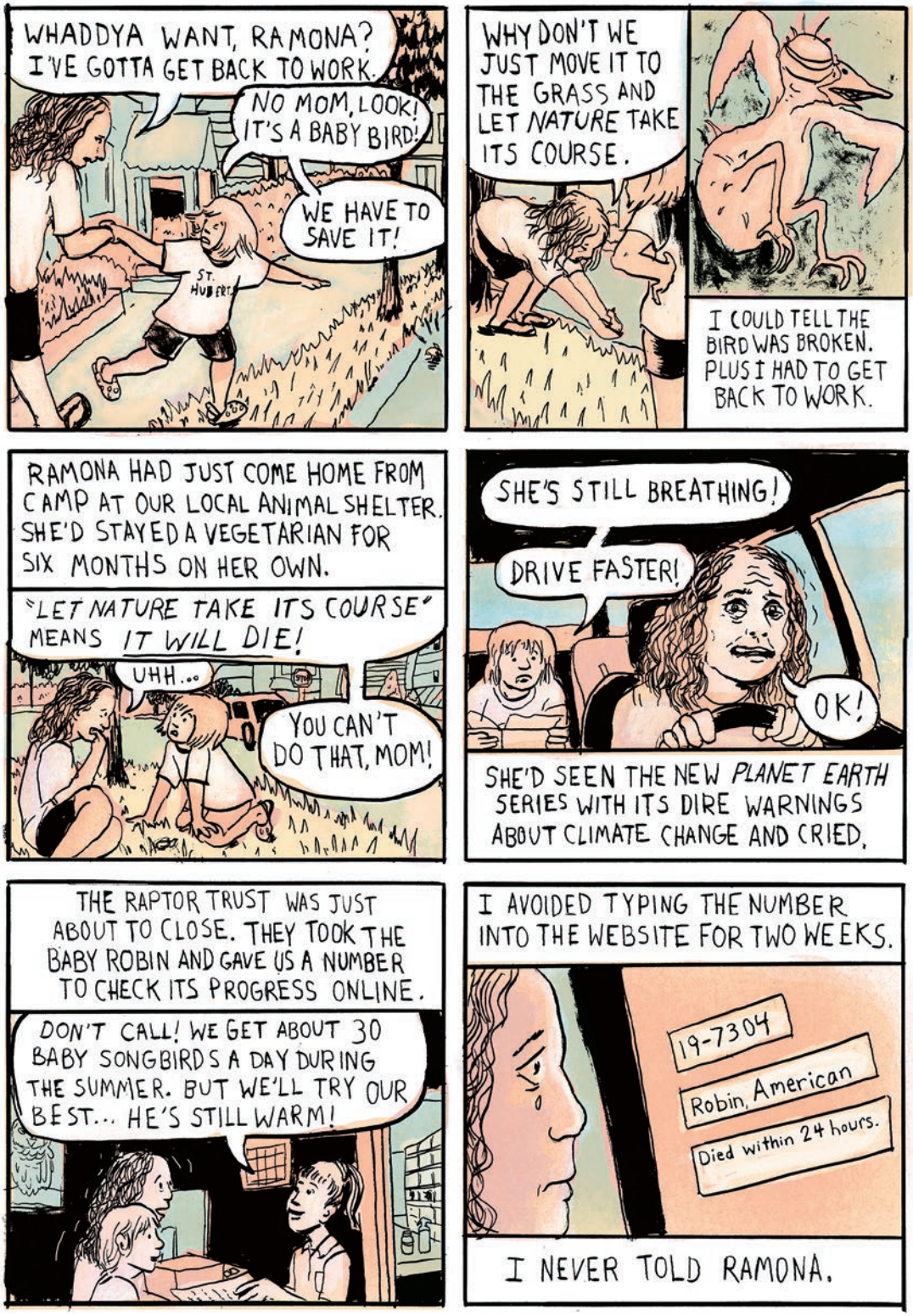
TOPHER THE CONSCIOUS FLATWORM



A Dog's Guide to Its Human



I now cross the street when I see white people with their dogs.
!
It's sad because I love dogs, but I picked up on their liberal leash practices coupled with an even more annoying phenomenon...
I don't know why he's doing this, he's usually friendly!
BARK
Whether I'm in a well-to-do white neighborhood or in a speedily gentrifying black neighborhood, this behavior always communicates something uncomfortable.
LOOK OUT BLACK!
...
Crossing the street feels easier and avoids the unpleasantness of my common response to racist dogs.
AY! why don't you and your man Ben Shapiro's best friend MAGA cujo get away from me?!
BLACK!


WHADDYA WANT, RAMONA? I'VE GOTTA GET BACK TO WORK.
NO MOM, LOOK! IT'S A BABY BIRD!
WE HAVE TO SAVE IT!
ST. HUBERT
WHY DON'T WE JUST MOVE IT TO THE GRASS AND LET NATURE TAKE ITS COURSE.
I COULD TELL THE BIRD WAS BROKEN. PLUS I HAD TO GET BACK TO WORK.
RAMONA HAD JUST COME HOME FROM CAMP AT OUR LOCAL ANIMAL SHELTER. SHE'D STAYED A VEGETARIAN FOR SIX MONTHS ON HER OWN.
"LET NATURE TAKE ITS COURSE" MEANS IT WILL DIE!
UHH...
YOU CAN'T DO THAT, MOM!
SHE'S STILL BREATHING!
DRIVE FASTER!
OK!
SHE'D SEEN THE NEW PLANET EARTH SERIES WITH ITS DIRE WARNINGS ABOUT CLIMATE CHANGE AND CRIED.
THE RAPTOR TRUST WAS JUST ABOUT TO CLOSE. THEY TOOK THE BABY ROBIN AND GAVE US A NUMBER TO CHECK ITS PROGRESS ONLINE.
DON'T CALL! WE GET ABOUT 30 BABY SONGBIRDS A DAY DURING THE SUMMER. BUT WE'LL TRY OUR BEST... HE'S STILL WARM!
I AVOIDED TYPING THE NUMBER INTO THE WEBSITE FOR TWO WEEKS.
19-7304
Robin, American
Died within 24 hours.
I NEVER TOLD RAMONA.

SALUTATIONS
LEAP
WHAT?
ASLEEP?
ON SUCH A GLORIOUS NIGHT AS THIS?
PEER
SNUFF
LINNEY GALDAMMIT!
HASTE AWAY!
ZOOM
WE HAVE TO STOP LETTING HER INTO OUR ROOM AT NIGHT!
YOU'RE SO MEAN!
YOU WANNA LOCK HER OUT OF OUR COZY BEDROOM?
YES!
ZZZ
The NEXT NIGHT...

Z
Z
Z
THE DARKNESS SINGS TO ME THE SONG OF THE NIGHT.
Z
Z
IT IS NOW THAT I MAY CONDUCT MY NOCTURNAL ABLUTIONS.
Z Z
Z Z
Z Z
PLINK
SPLOOSH!
AAAAAAAH!
AND That's how Linney lost her bedroom privileges.
MON DIEU!
I AM BEING UNJUSTLY EVACUATED!
THE END.

GOD GAVE US
DOMINION

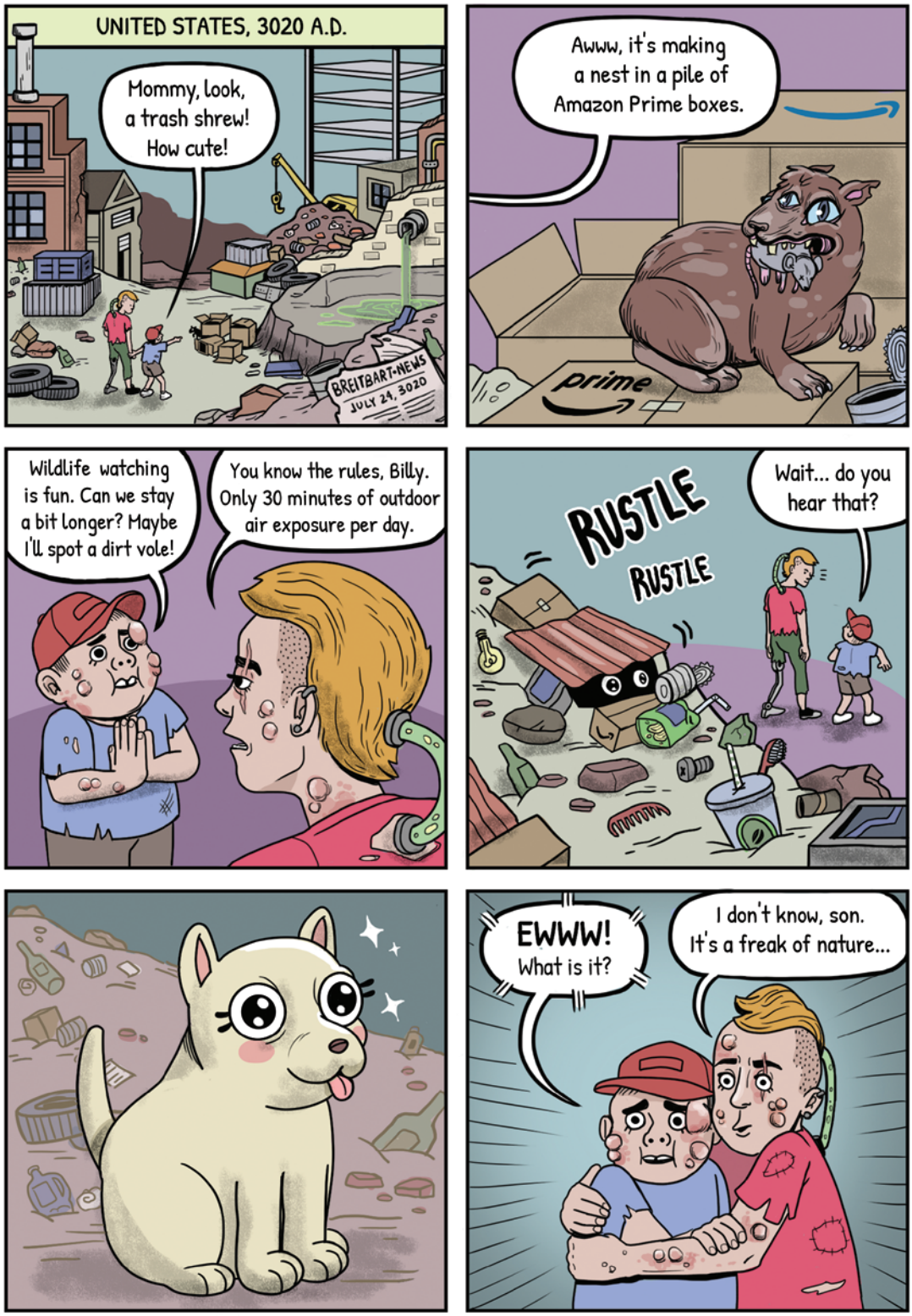
OVER THE FISH, AND THE BIRDS, AND THE BEASTS, AND EVERYTHING THAT MOVES ON THE EARTH.

TO USE AS WE SEE FIT, TO EAT OR TO WEAR AS CLOTHING, TO UTILIZE AS DECORATION.

TO POISON. TO TORTURE. TO MUTILATE. TO HUNT. TO KILL FOR FUN. TO CAGE. TO DRUG.

TO WIPE OUT. TO ERASE. TO MAKE EXTINCT. TO VANISH. TO TURN INTO DISTANT MEMORY.
EXTINCT

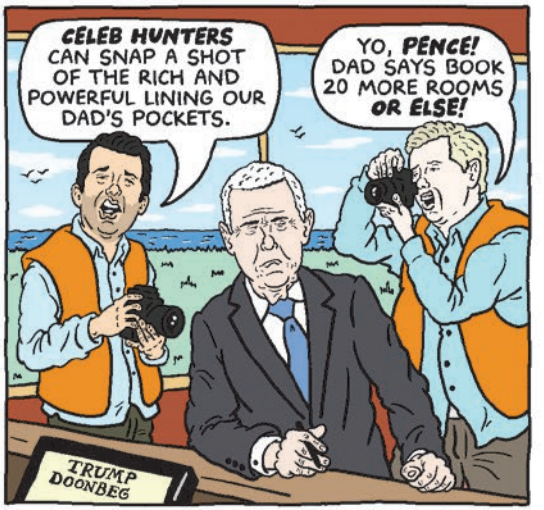
TO FINALLY BE THE LAST ANIMAL ON THE PLANET.


UNITED STATES, 3020 A.D.
Mommy, look, a trash shrew! How cute!
BREITBART-NEWS JULY 24, 3020
Awww, it's making a nest in a pile of Amazon Prime boxes.
prime
Wildlife watching is fun. Can we stay a bit longer? Maybe I'll spot a dirt vole!
You know the rules, Billy. Only 30 minutes of outdoor air exposure per day.
RUSTLE
RUSTLE
Wait... do you hear that?
EWWW! What is it?
I don't know, son. It's a freak of nature...

ARE YOU A CORRUPT HUNTER WITH NO ETHICS? THEN TRUMP RESORTS WANT YOU!
MORE SPECIFICALLY, YOUR BRIBES!
MAR-A-LAGO

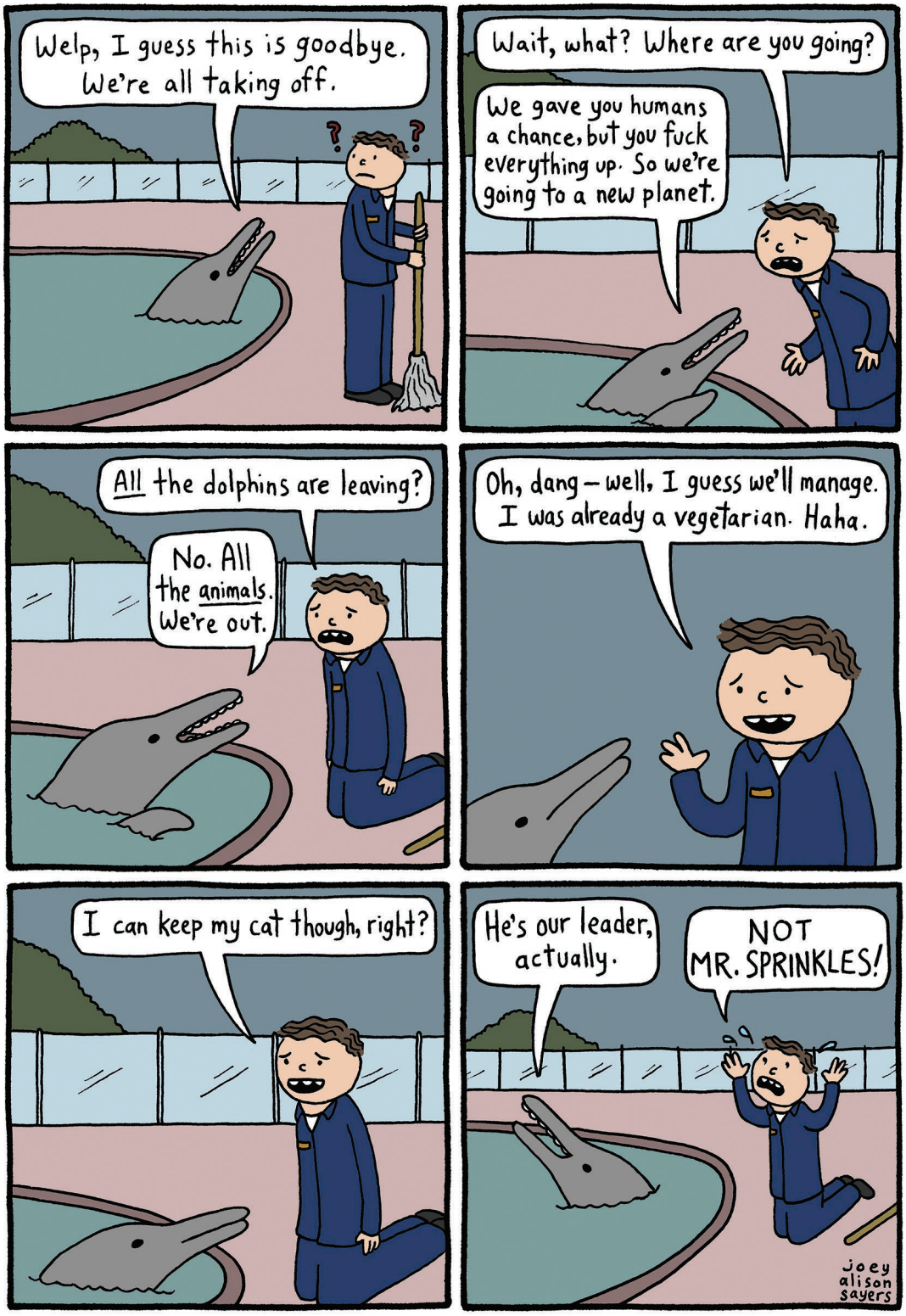
WE'VE GOT GATORS.
TRIGGERED MUCH, LIBS?

YOU MIGHT EVEN BAG A CRYPTID DURING YOUR STAY AT TURNBERRY WHILE BRIBING OUR FAMILY!
FOR THE LAST TIME, I'M NOT THE LOCH NESS MONSTER!


CELEB HUNTERS CAN SNAP A SHOT OF THE RICH AND POWERFUL LINING OUR DAD'S POCKETS.
YO, PENCE! DAD SAYS BOOK 20 MORE ROOMS OR ELSE!
TRUMP DOONBEG

AT TRUMP INTERNATIONAL, YOU CAN KILL THE FIRST AMENDMENT AND A JOURNALIST IN ONE SHOT!
THE BONE SAW COMES WITH THE ROOM!

IF YOU PREFER TO INFLICT A MORE TORTUOUS DEATH, TRUMP DORAL PROVIDES FRONT-ROW SEATS TO THE HORRORS OF CLIMATE CHANGE.
WHICH DOESN'T EXIST, BY THE WAY.
McFadden


Welp, I guess this is goodbye. We're all taking off.
Wait, what? Where are you going?
We gave you humans a chance, but you fuck everything up. So we're going to a new planet.
All the dolphins are leaving?
No. All the animals. We're out.
Oh, dang – well, I guess we'll manage. I was already a vegetarian. Haha.
I can keep my cat though, right?
He's our leader, actually.
NOT MR. SPRINKLES!
joey alison sayers

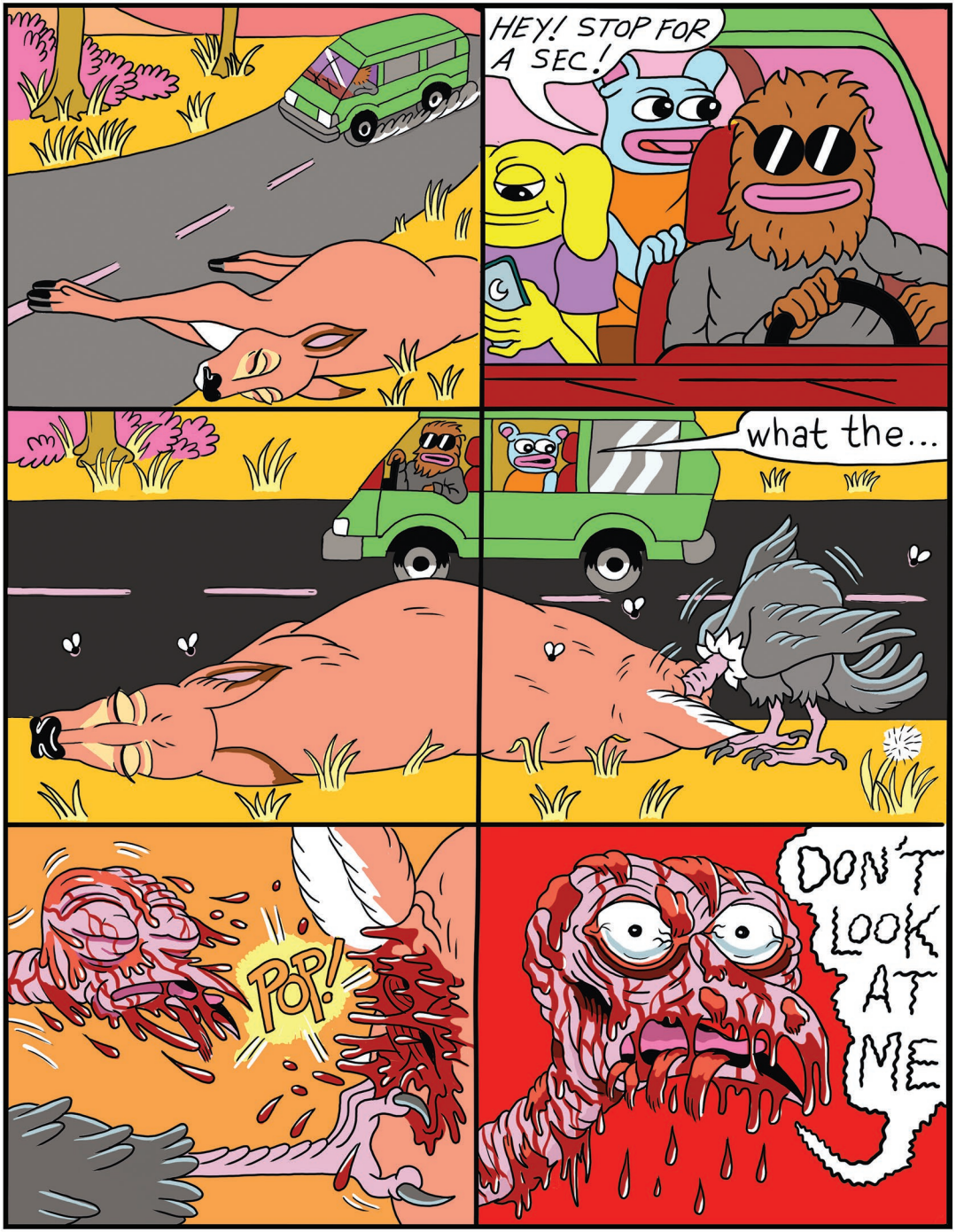

HEY! STOP FOR A SEC!
what the...
POP!
DON'T LOOK AT ME

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Illustration by Dustin Harbin

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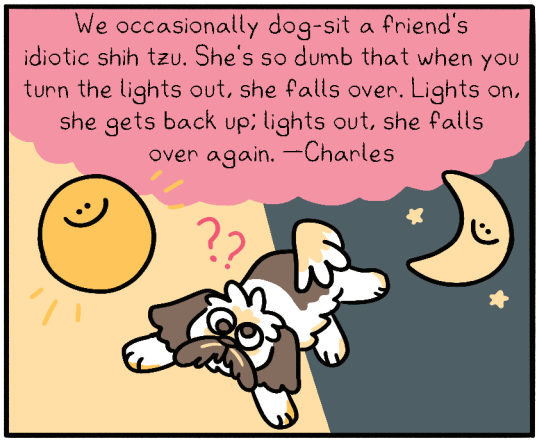
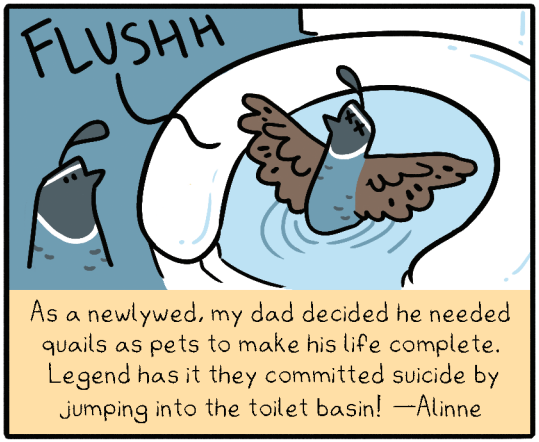
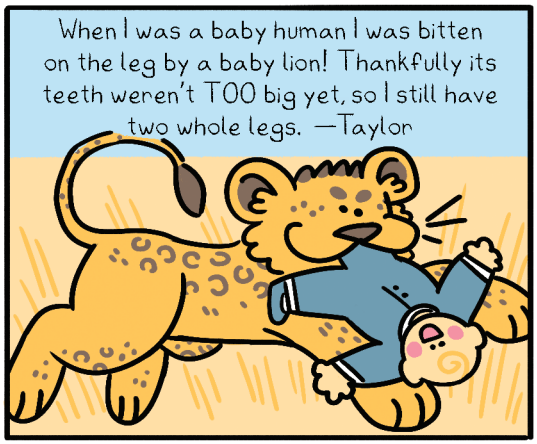
THE NIB

Letters to the Editor

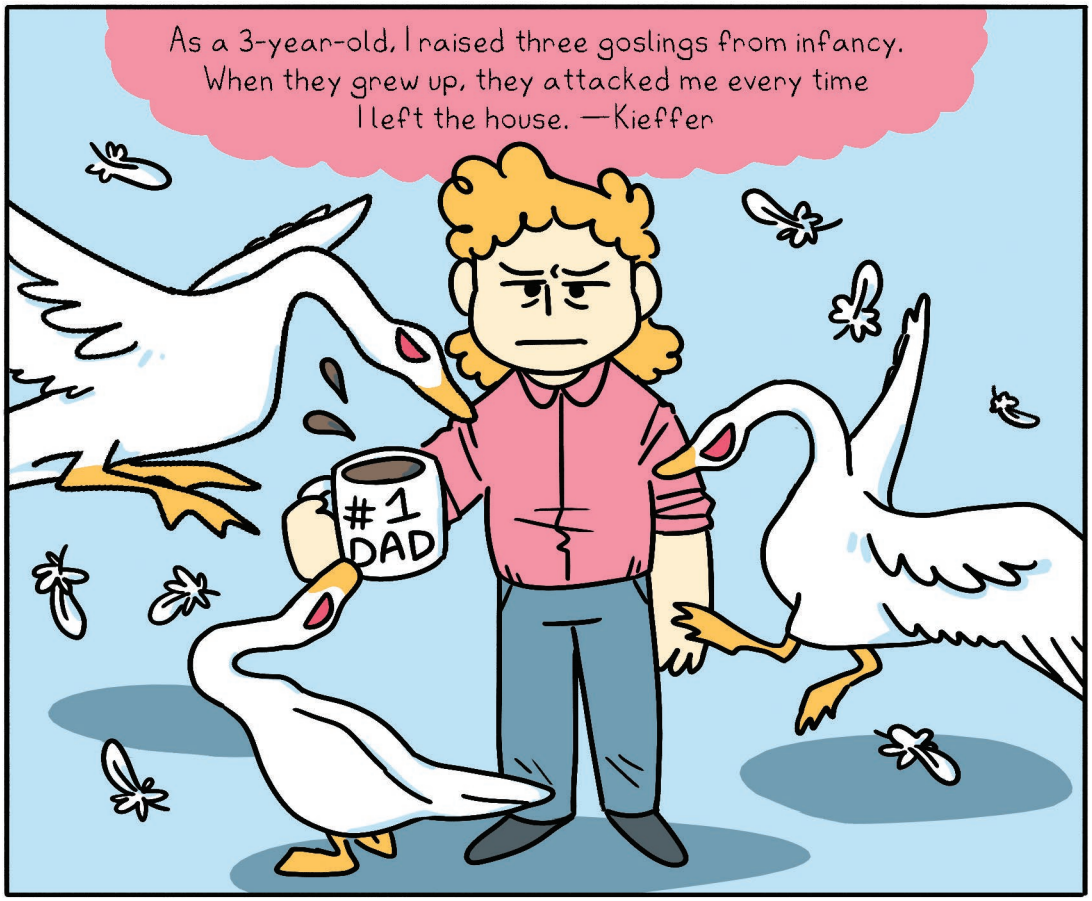
Drawn by Delta Vasquez

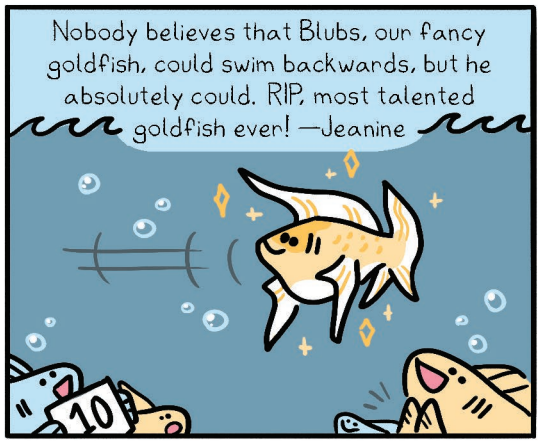






When goslings attack! Our friends in the animal kingdom can be endearing, disgusting, and apparently suicidal. We asked The Nib*'s Inkwell members for their weirdest animal stories.*





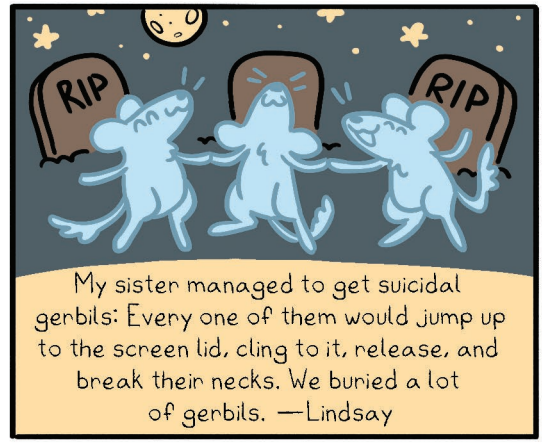


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Illustration by Bob Sikoryak.

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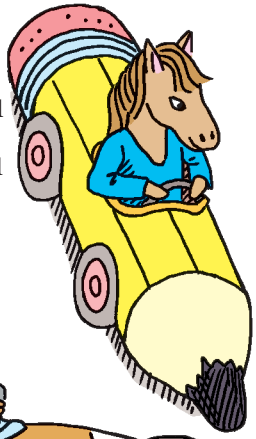
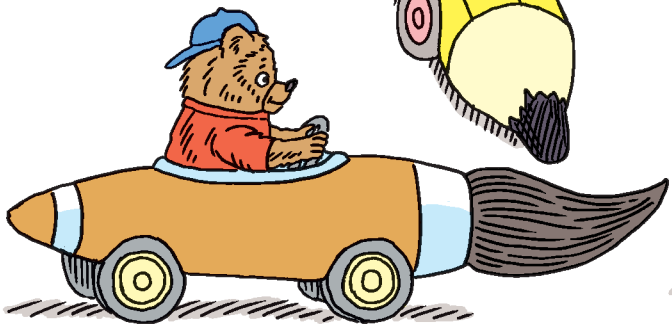
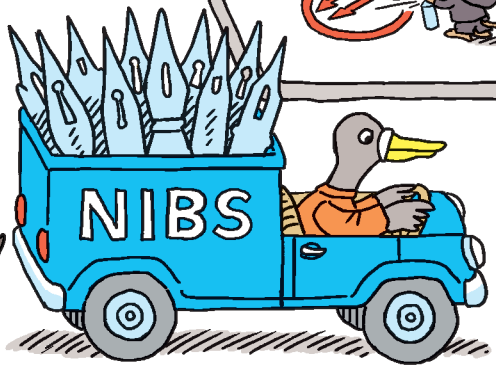
Contributors

Lisa Hanawalt is an artist and writer in L.A. Don't stand behind a tapir unless you want to be sprayed with pee.



Mike Centeno is a Venezuelan-born cartoonist living in Chicago. His childhood pet turtles committed ritual suicide.

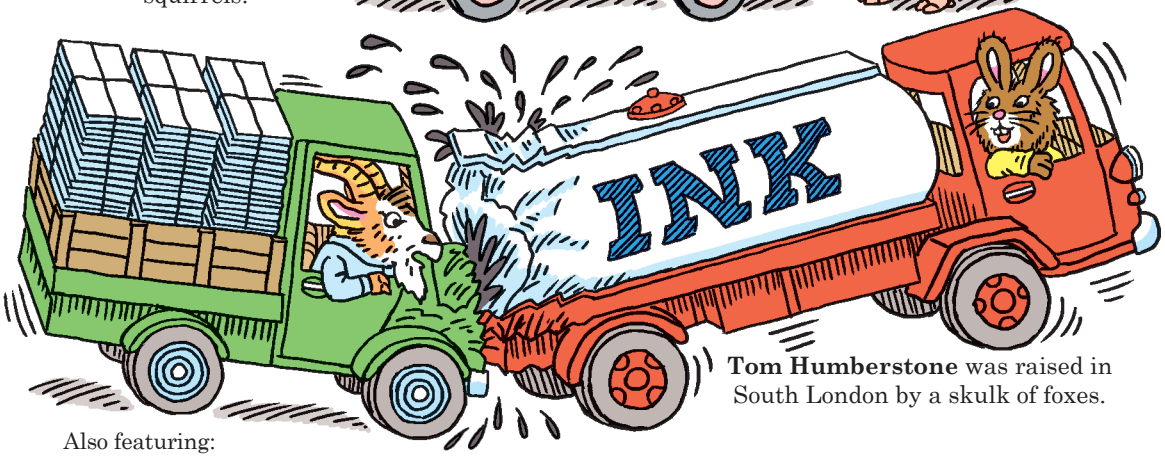




Lucy Knisley is a comic author and artist. Her cat would not eat her if she died, because the cat is too picky.

Julia Bernhard is a comic artist from Germany. Her dog has no teeth, but picks fights with cats twice his size.

Sage Coffey is a nonbinary cartoonist in Chicago. A witch in Washington Square Park taught them how to befriend squirrels.



Tom Humberstone was raised in South London by a skulk of foxes.

Also featuring:
Sarah Glidden, Dustin Harbin, Mey Rude, Mady G, Kory Bing, Lilian Min, Matt Furie, Gemma Correll, Ruben Bolling, Meg O'Shea, Laura Athayde, Michael Kupperman, Elizabeth Haidle, Mansoor Adayfi, Kane Lynch, Kristel Bugayong, Brian McFadden, Molly Brooks, Gerardo Alba, Chelsea Saunders, Levi Hastings, Dorian Alexander, Diane Zhou, Arwen Donahue, Laura Athayde, Lauren Weinstein, Joey Alison Sayers, and Ben Passmore.

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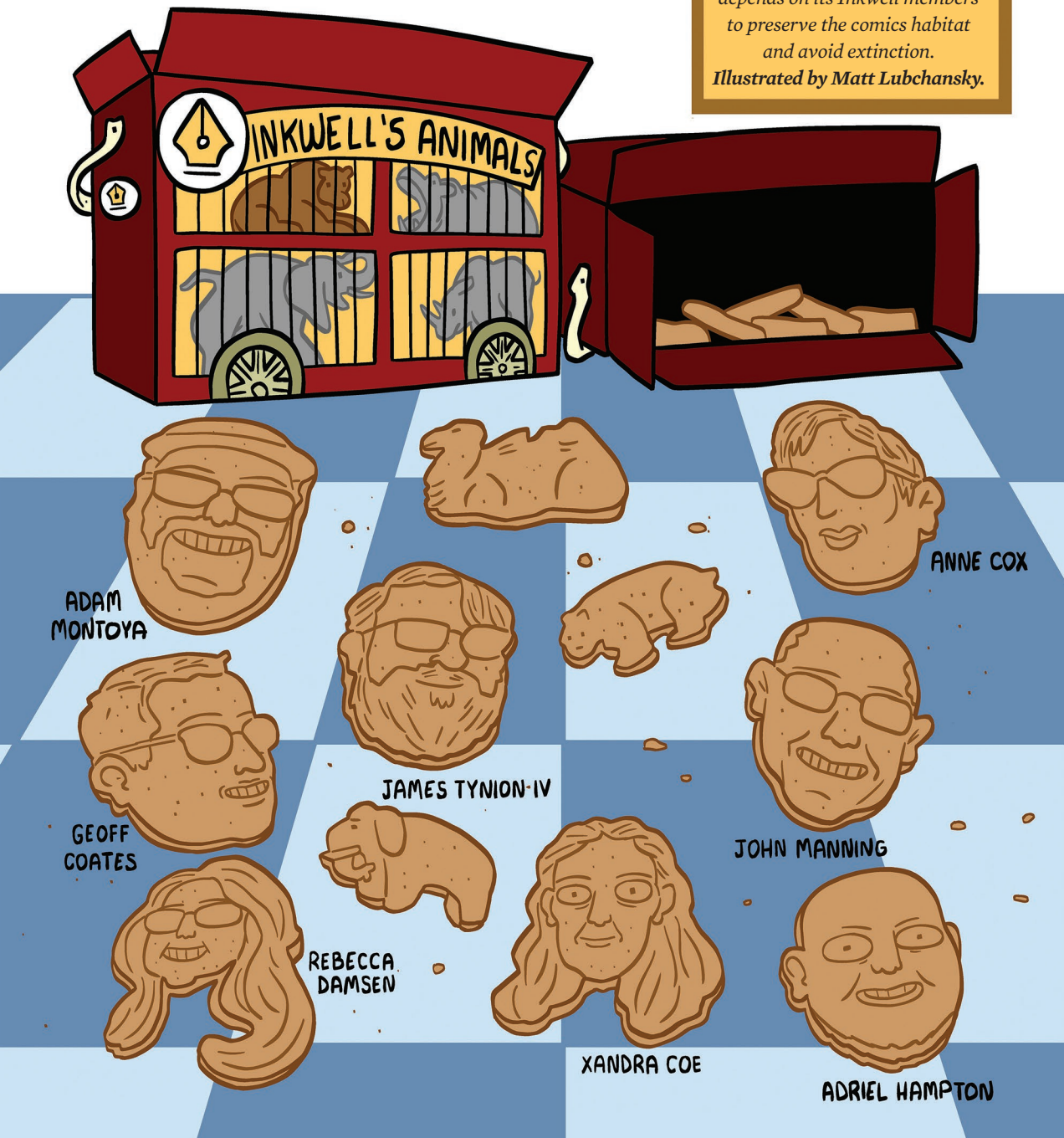

ENDLING

The last known individual of a species or subspecies. Once the endling dies, the species becomes extinct.

Martha the Passenger Pigeon, 1914

At one time there were more passenger pigeons in North America than any other bird on the continent combined, 5 billion of them, flying in enormous flocks that blocked out the sun; it seemed like their numbers would never dwindle. But people hunted them by the thousands, and by 1914, Martha of the Cincinnati Botanical Gardens was the last known passenger pigeon. She lived the last four years of her life alone.

IN THIS ISSUE!

Sketchy Amazonian dolphin-men, baby goats, Guantanamo iguanas, macho bullfighters, cats from hell, one very bad mongoose, and more!

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